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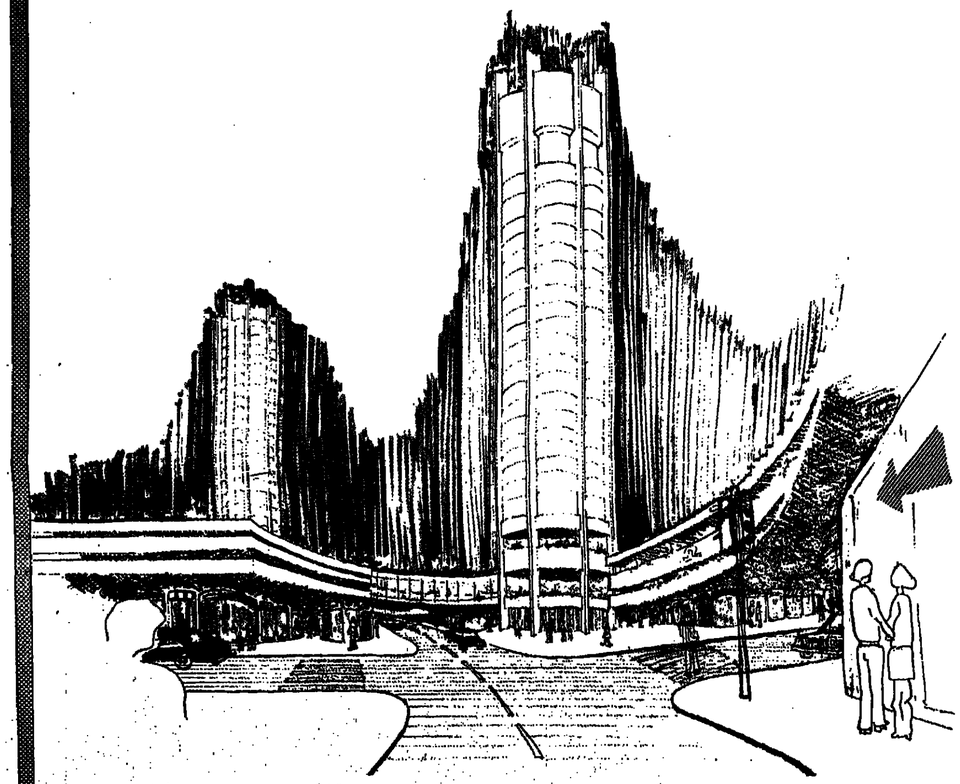

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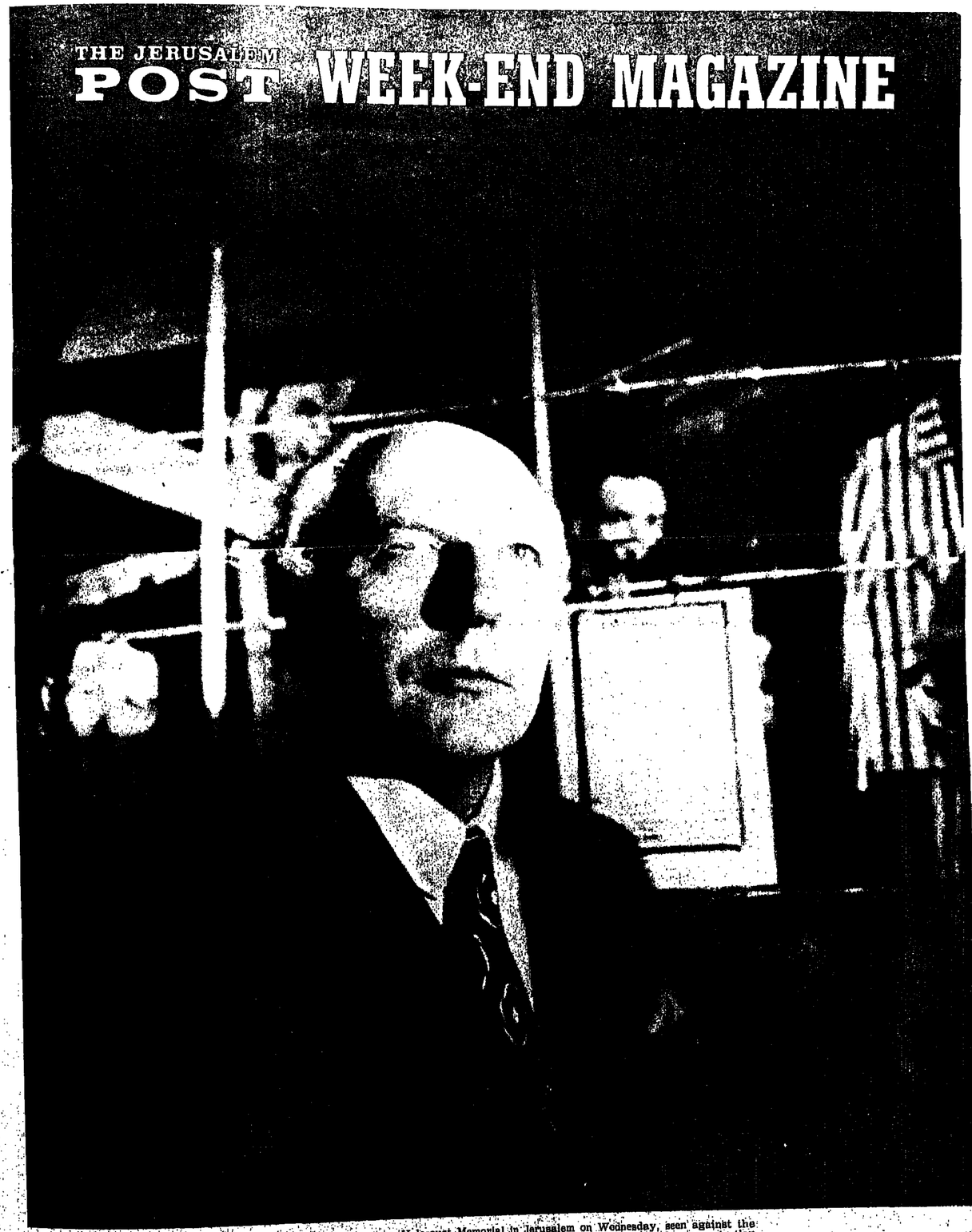

West Germany's Foreign Minister Walter Scheel at the Yad Vashem Holocaust Memorial in Jerusalem on Wednesday, seen against the photographic enlargement of one of the displays at the memorial museum: the haunting faces of men in the bunks of a concentration camp. Said Scheel on his arrival in Israel: "No German can forget the darkest page in German history." This dramatic moment was photographed by David Rubinger.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1971

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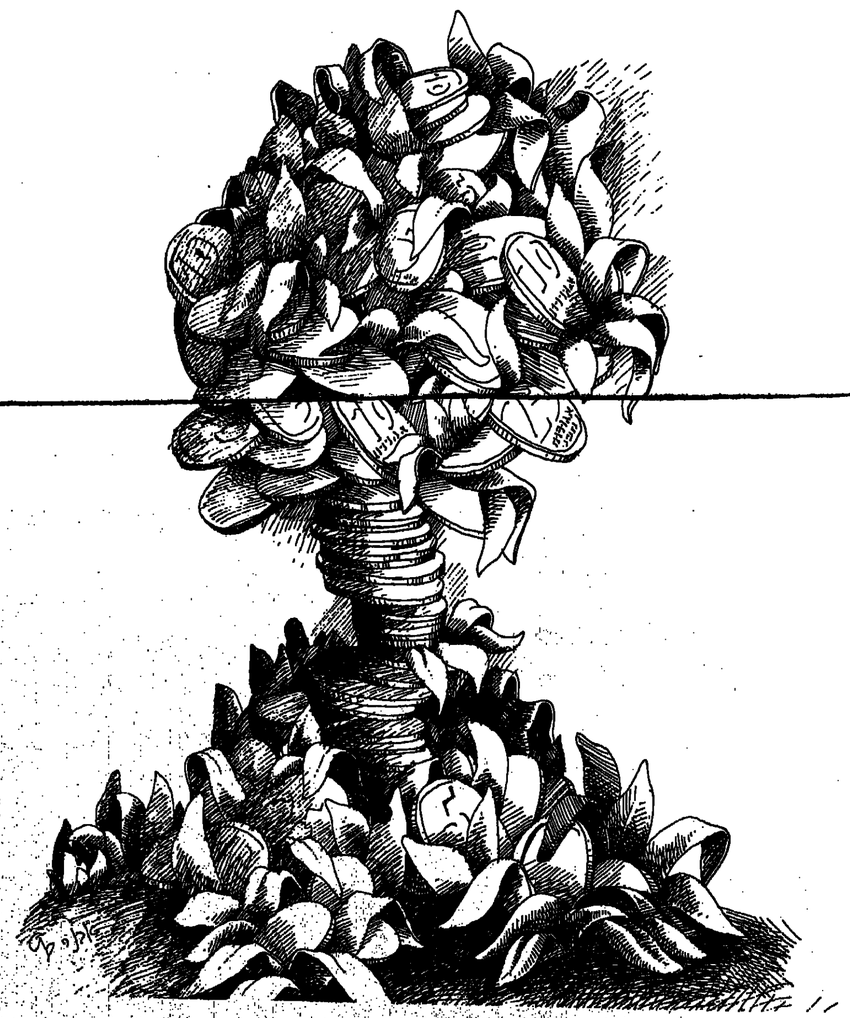
DREAMING ABOUT MAKING MONEY?



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BANK of ISRAEL

SHORT TERM LOAN - FOR A SECURE INCOME

Arabs mount new U.K. campaign

By Mark Segal
Jerusalem Post Reporter

Israel had better intensify its efforts to counter the all-out Arab propaganda campaign that is being mounted in Great Britain. That is one conclusion our reporter gathered after interviewing SIDNEY GOLDBERG, the jovial General-Secretary of the British Poalei Zion and the Labour Friends of Israel. Mr. Goldberg has been here for the Zionist General Council meeting.

SYDNEY Goldberg reports from "very good sources" that the Arabs are spending £2m. on their anti-Israel propaganda campaign throughout Britain. Mr. Goldberg reported that they employ three high-powered public relations agencies to do this job. He noted that former Labour M.P. for Clapton, Margaret MacKay, who used to be highly vocal in the House of Commons and outside for the Arab cause (she unsuccessfully sought to buy a house in Chelsea, as a Fatah centre in London), was now still on the Arab payroll and now spent more time working from Beirut on English-language anti-Israeli publications.

Queried about the strength of the pro-Arab lobby in the Parliamentary Labour Party, Mr. Goldberg put it at 14 Labour M.P.s, whose leader was Christopher Mayhew, M.P. Two of their most prominent spokesmen were William Griffith, M.P. (Exchange, Manchester), and William Wilson, M.P. (Coventry). Another highly-vocal, anti-Israel group was the Young Liberals, "it has to be appreciated that they are not at all Liberals. Its a curious case of Trotskyists taking over *en bloc* the younger section of the Liberal Party." The Young Liberals have adopted the most extreme anti-Israel and pro-terrorist resolutions.

He explained that part of the difficulties facing anyone seeking to explain Israel's case in London was that "the general public is somewhat fed up with the Middle East." That was perhaps a bit unpalatable for committed Zionists and friends of Israel but was a harsh fact of life that had to be dealt with and taken into account.

Mr. Goldberg says that on the whole the climate in Britain remains favourable to Israel but the struggle must be constant and persistent, particularly in light of the huge financial resources at the disposal of the pro-Arab groups in London. In this connection, Mr. Goldberg explained that people back in the British capital were unaware of the slanted programmes on the Middle East broadcast over the BBC World Service of which many Israelis have complained.

Friends of Israel

He was glad to report on the expanding activities of the Labour Friends of Israel which was founded in 1957 at the Labour Party Conference held at Brighton. The late miners' leader, Sam Watson, was first President, and its first Vice-President was the late Herbert Morrison, while the first Treasurer was Lord Popplewell. He explained that this organization came into being to bolster friendship for Israel against hostile sentiments aroused during the Sinai campaign. Two founders now in the House of Lords are Lord Anthony Greenwood and Lord Beswick, today Labour Whip in the House of Lords. The new Chairman is the Rt. Hon. Edward Sharp, M.P., Education spokesman in the Shadow Cabinet, and the Labour Friends have now spread to 20 branches in all parts of Britain.

Speaking of the Labour Friends, Mr. Goldberg said it has several thousands of members, the majority of whom are non-Jews and derive from the Labour Party, the trade unions and the Cooperative Movement. One of their most active members is Mr. Herbert Kemp, President of the Cooperative Party (one of the three wings of the British Labour Movement).

He explained: "The Labour Friends takes Israel to places where there are no Jews and little or no knowledge of Israel." In the past few weeks new branches were formed in Willesden (a London district), Birmingham and Brighton.

The branch in Parliament covers both Houses, and the chairman is Raymond Fletcher, M.P., the vice-chairman, Eric Heffer, M.P., and secretary, Dr. Maurice Miller, M.P. They constantly table motions and were most effective during the struggle over the Chieftain tanks. That was when 120 M.P.s signed a petition to the then Premier Harold Wilson and later held an interview on the matter with the then Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart. Indeed in the last few weeks, he was pleased to relate another 11 M.P.s have joined his organization. They include William Rogers, M.P., who was former Under-Secretary of Defence, while Mr. Stewart has also joined and was a main speaker at the luncheon held in the House of Commons for Israel Ambassador Michael Comay by the Parliamentary branch.

The newest development was the formation of a Women's Labour Friends of Israel which held a tea in the House in honour of the Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Joan Comay, with Mrs. Mary Mikardo, wife of the Labour Party Chairman, presiding

Refugee problem

The Labour Friends of Israel have an active publication division, due to Mr. Goldberg's dynamic drive, which makes up for the paucity of resources put at his disposal. To date they have brought out 80 such publications, many of which have been reprinted in other languages and sent to other parts of the world. The "best seller" were the 65,000 issues printed in 13 editions — over a two-year period — of Mr. Goldberg's pamphlet, "How the Arab Leaders Created the Arab Refugee Problem," which cut the ground from under much of the Arab propaganda in this matter. Other titles dealt with the truth about the Arab terrorists and their claims, and such hard-hitting pamphlets as "Nasser's Nazi Aides" about the Nazi war criminals given asylum in Egypt and working for the Egyptians.

They also bring out detailed reports of visits to Israel by M.P.s, trade unionists and so forth, and in this connection Mr. Goldberg notes the effectiveness of the annual Labour Friends missions to Israel, which enables him to bring over Labour leaders from various levels to see what is happening here for themselves.

The characteristic speed of his operation is exemplified by the fact that he brought out in pamphlet form Premier Meir's speech to the Socialist International summit at Helsinki only eight days after she delivered it. He told me that some highly-influential persons had told him that Mrs. Meir's speech had been one of the best presentations of Israel's case they had read in a long time.

Prittie's aid

As to the other British political parties, he notes the recently-formed Liberal Friends of Israel to which that party's leadership belongs. As for the Conservatives, he says that party has many good friends of Israel but no comparable organization. There does exist the Balfour Club but it is not very active, he noted.

Mr. Terence Prittie, formerly of the "Guardian" and author of a biography of the late Levi Eshkol, has proved extremely effective, Mr. Goldberg said, as an interpreter of Middle East events, particularly through the "Britain-Israel" publication. In this venture he was ably assisted by Air Vice-Marshal Richard Jones.

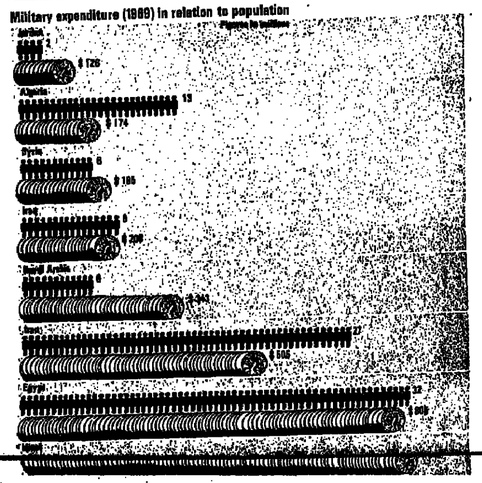
Church organizations, the Rotary clubs, schools and so forth were dealt with by the British Zionist Federation Public Relations Department, he noted.

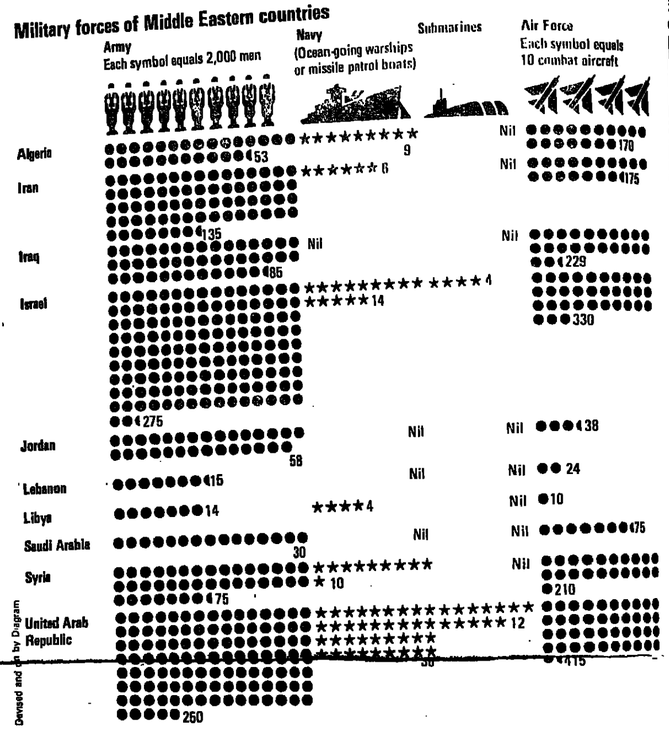
I asked him why was it that the Labour Party was so favourable to Israel when in Opposition but not so when in Government? His answer was: "Few Foreign Secretaries can stand up to the Permanent Foreign Office staff. The late Hugh Dalton was Under-Foreign Secretary to Arthur Henderson. He used to speak of how when he entered the Foreign Office, the Permanent Staff started telling him what British policy was. Dalton told them to stop, and presenting them with the Labour Party manifesto, said to the astounded civil servants — 'this is the policy'." Here Mr. Goldberg added that since Dalton's days few have stood up to the permanent officials.

Appreciating criticism of a number of acts of the Foreign Office under a Labour Foreign Secretary, he claimed that the Conservative Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, had said more unfavourable things — from the Israeli viewpoint — than any Labour Secretary ever did.

SYDNEY GOLDBERG

THE ARMIES AND THE COST





Diagrams from the London "Observer Magazine."

Israel's infantry has gone mobile

By Sraya Shapiro
Jerusalem Post Military Correspondent

TAT-ALUF Rafael (Raful) Eytan, head of the Paratrooper and Infantry Corps, says his men have exploited the cease-fire to train in new tactics and new weapons. He was speaking to military reporters about the Paratroopers' Day — which begins on Monday and has stretched into a week this year. Events have been staggered over several days and will be held in a number of places.

Raful confirmed that the paratroopers remain one of the most popular army formations. "Between a quarter and a third of recruits volunteer for the paratroopers."

The new recruit is promised nothing but blood and sweat. To become a battle-worthy paratrooper the recruit has to undergo back-breaking exertions. "The reward," said Raful, "is belonging to the family of men who have excelled themselves in the hour of battle."

The corps motto is taken from Hanna Szenes' poem: "Blessed be the match that lights the flame." The corps' origin date back to the handful of men and women who were trained in the British Army and parachuted into Nazi-occupied Europe during World War II.

In the early years of the State the paratroops, which were strongly influenced by the legendary 101 Unit, performed sterling service, much of it on the other side of the border, in repelling armed marauders intent on spreading terror among the civilian population. Then came 1956 and the Sinai campaign. The drop at Mitla, which opened the way to Suez, was one of the bloodiest and most glorious battles in the annals of the corps. Another illustrious chapter was added in 1967 when the corps fought on all fronts and won glory in the battle of Jerusalem.

Combating terror

"We have not been inactive in the war of attrition either," Raful said. "And we are now prepared for any resumption of hostilities. We have learned quite a few tricks in anti-terrorist warfare. Indeed, the terrorists have improved too. They learn a lot from us. But we can still deal with them any time."

Mobility — in the air, on the ground, and also on the sea — is the basic characteristic of paratrooper training. The force was constantly trying out new weapons.

The main event for Paratroopers' Day will be centred round Ramat Gan, which has adopted the corps. There will be demonstration jumps in other areas. Schoolchildren will be brought to see the jump over Palmahim sands. The settlements facing the Gaza Strip and Belsan residents will be able to witness jumps in their respective areas. In Jerusalem, a four-day exhibition will be held on Ammunition Hill in Jerusalem, scene of a fierce battle between paratroops and Jordanians in 1967.

Tat-Aluf (Brigadier-General) Rafael (Raful) Eytan, and at right, some of his hardy young men in training. Raful is a skilled light plane pilot and one of Israel's glider champions.

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A FAREWELL TO BIG TANI

Israel's national basketball team will go to the European championships in West Germany in August critically short in the vital height department. Team captain Tanhum Cohen-Mintz is retiring from international competition, and recent immigrant Ronnie Green has returned to the U.S. GIDEON HOD reports.

TANHUM Cohen-Mintz's recent announcement that he had played his last game for the Israeli national basketball team was the second time that he had announced his retirement. The first came four years ago, after he had led the team to a creditable showing in the European championships in Finland.

At that time, he said that "the team must have new players. If I continue to play, the team will have to build its game on me. That is not good. I am not as young as I was, I can't run as fast or jump as high as I used to. Besides, I want to dedicate more time to my wife and two daughters."

Cohen-Mintz held to that first decision for three years, until he was called upon to rejoin the team for its defence of its Asian championship. In those matches, held last year in Bangkok, 32-year-old Tani was a shadow of his former self — and that sealed his decision to remain on the sidelines. His defensive capabilities were not impaired greatly, but he lacked the offensive punch that had made him Israel's top scorer in international matches. Then came his second decision to retire, after the European Cup preliminaries held in May in Holon.

In the matches against Holland and Sweden, which Israel won, and in the losing effort against Spain, Tani was clearly not up to his past form. The player who had scored 1,065 points in international matches did not score well in any of the three games: 16 years of top-level basketball had taken their toll, and surely sealed his decision to quit.

Tennis to basketball

Chance led Tanhum Cohen-Mintz to the basketball court. His mother, Edit, for years was a top tennis player, and at 16 Tani seemed set to follow in her footsteps. (His brother and his sister still are in the top rank of Israeli tennis players.)

One day, he was spotted on the tennis courts by one of the Tel Aviv Maccabi basketball coaches, who was impressed by his ability and his height. Tani was dubious when he was invited to try his hand at basketball, and indeed his first efforts were discouraging. But within a year he had become more than proficient at the sport, and in 1957 he made his international debut with the students team.

Tani broke into the national team lineup in 1958, in a match against Poland, the first of 89 appearances for the Israel team. In subsequent games, he led his team to Asian championships and to creditable performances on the much tougher European tournament circuit.

The high point in his career came in 1964, when he was chosen to play on the Europe selected that was matched against European club champions Real Madrid. Europe won that match 91-87, and Tani made a big contribution with 13 points and a host of rebounds. He was invited to play for Europe the following year, but his studies (of mechanical engineering) in the U.S. did not allow him to appear. Still, the impression that he made on players and coaches immeasurably raised the prestige of Israeli basketball all over the world; his selection as a European all-star is one of the highest honours ever afforded to an Israeli sportsman.

Tani Cohen-Mintz, and not only for his 2.04 metres of height. Even when he sat on the bench, Tani provided inspiration and gave the younger players someone they could count on. He will continue to play for his team, Tel Aviv Maccabi, at least for the time being. One hopes that he will remain active in Israeli basketball—even in a non-playing capacity—for a long time.

* * *

RONNIE Green spent a year in Israel, during which he played basketball for Tel Aviv Maccabi and for Israel. He established himself as one of the bright stars of Israeli basketball, in his 11 international games, and was particularly outstanding in the Asian championships. Problems of absorption and language — not basketball — caused him to leave the country last month.

The 27-year-old native of Miami Beach, Florida, simply didn't have time to learn Hebrew properly between games, international trips, and numerous practice sessions. Still, he did manage to meet an Israeli nurse, who he married last month in the U.S.

He also had difficulty finding a job, despite his degree in business administration, gained at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. While at Vanderbilt, Ronnie played basketball for a team which reached the semi-finals in the NCAA tournament: one of his team-mates there, Clyde Lee, now is a top-notch professional.

Israeli fans and the basketball community were most impressed with Ronnie's speed. He says he liked playing here, but has several criticisms of Israeli basketball.

"Playing outdoors is more tiring than playing indoors," he said. "And I think that the system here is not the best. Players lack basic training in the fundamentals, and sometimes they don't have the self-discipline necessary for playing on a well-coordinated team."

Still Ronnie, who has returned to Miami Beach to help his father in the food brokerage business, is interested in returning. "It's a long way from impossible," he said; and perhaps his Israeli wife will bring him back to the country — and the national team — sooner than he expects.

Ronnie Green (extreme left) and Tanhum Cohen-Mintz (right) playing against Spain. (Photo by Seiusskind)

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COMMANDO COURSE FOR THE HIP SHALIAH

Potential emissaries listen to a lecture by Institute Coordinator Paul Laster, watched by poster of Martin Luther King.

by David Landau

"WHEN you're out of Schlitz, punt," advised the colourful wall poster. This may have made sense to the 15 Israelis sitting in the garishly-decorated room in an old Arab house in Jerusalem's Bak'a quarter — who were listening to a long-haired young man with a heavy Southern drawl lecture on "The New Jewish Radicals," while a huge poster of Martin Luther King looked down from the other wall — but it was a deep mystery to this English-born reporter.

I was later told that Schlitz is one of America's most popular beers, and "punt" is an American football term. And that the Israelis were getting an introduction to some of the mysteries of America, where they soon would be spending two years as *shlihim* — emissaries of Israel.

The house was the Machon Leshlihim, training centre for the embryonic *shlihim*, run by the Jewish Agency's Youth and Hehalutz Department. The intently listening Israelis — 14 men, mostly young, and one woman — were soon leaving for the U.S. and Canada, to preach the Zionist word to young people. And the unlikely lecturer was Paul Laster, 29-year-old coordinator of the American programme at the Machon, the constant guide and companion of the emissaries-to-be during their three-month course which was coming to an end.

Authenticity is the key-word in Paul Laster's approach. "I work on the assumption that as soon as a guy walks in here he's already a *shaliah* in America," he explains. The posters adorning the American room (they had taken down the bluer ones for our visit) are just one small part of this striving for authenticity. All activities — by speakers and trainers — are conducted in English; all the leading American magazines and periodicals from "Commentary" to "Playboy" are received and are required reading; no Hebrew newspapers are allowed in the reading-room. M.A.S.H. and Woodstock are films which must be seen; a lengthy book-list includes "Portnoy's Complaint" and "Goodbye Columbus."

All the regular lecturers and the guest-speakers are themselves Americans, with special qualifications in a particular field of American life. Thus, for a discussion on New Left trends in the U.S., Paul confronted the emissaries with three New Left friends of his who happened to be in Israel for a talk on the American Jewish family's house.

IN the past, *shlihut* has been somewhat less of an exercise in idealism than its lofty motives demand. Too often, emissaries have regarded their two years abroad as more of a chance to see the world — and save a bit of hard currency — than as a mission in the service of their country. In many cases, their influence on community or youth movement was minimal. Many could hardly speak the language when they arrived and wasted six months or more before they could communicate effectively. They clearly had no appreciation of the milieu into which they had been sent, and made no effort to acquaint themselves with it.

Some scarcely bothered to conceal their contempt for the Jewish masses. Others vaseled to the other extreme. They at once became enraptured with the flesh-pots, and concentrated their energies on enjoying as much of them as time allowed. Those who could not get their fill in two years stayed on for longer. Some stayed for good.

After the Six Day War, the demand for emissaries increased enormously, especially in America. Where previously only the Zionist movements in a community — Habonim, Bnei Akiva, Hashomer Hazair — would have a *shaliah*, now the community itself asked for an Israeli to come and live in its midst. In many American communities, the Jewish centre would employ an Israeli full-time to work with its children and youth.

The Machon Leshlihim was established in 1969 by the Jewish Agency's Youth and Hehalutz Department to handle some of this increased demand, while at the same time attempting to raise the general standards of those sent out. Some 120 *shlihim* graduate from the Machon each year, in two three-month courses. The largest number are destined for the North American continent. They live in during the week, returning home week-ends. At the end, there is an informal examination (usually not graded or marked), intended to make the *shlihim* themselves aware of what they have and have not absorbed.

Mordechai Bar-On, the Department's Head, enlisted Zvi Levi, formerly Director of the Army Broadcasting Service, to head the Machon. Paul Laster was taken on later, also by Bar-On, to run the American programme.

Paul and his Israel-born wife, Pnina, have two sons. His father was the first Jewish judge in Richmond, and Paul studied law at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. But he was never a typical young Southern lawyer-to-be (just as he's not a typical Jewish Agency employee. "I want to change it from within," he says with a chuckle). Strongly influenced by the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, and with leftist inclinations, he saw his future in the context of the civil rights movement of the middle 1960s, possibly working in legal aid.

Never during his seven years at college did he take any interest in Jewish affairs, nor in Israel. Nor did the Six Day War particularly affect him. He came to Israel in August, 1967, quite by chance — because a job he had lined up in France fell through. He came for a year on a Sherut La'am scheme, decided to stay for a second year (his ulpan teacher was Pnina), and it was then that he was introduced to Bar-On, who hired him.

* * *

"THE Machon can't *create* a good *shaliah*," says Paul. "There is no pat recipe for converting a lawyer or a teacher or kibbutznik into a successful emissary. What we aim to do is to orientate them in advance so that they can function effectively from the outset of their term."

Apart from the American programme (there are parallel programmes for the other emissaries with each group divided linguistically and/or geographically, France-Belgium, England-South Africa-Australia), which takes up 72 hours of the 400-hour course, and language study (which accounts for another 80-90 hours), the programme includes several general courses. I noted some of the titles from the timetable: "Israel and her Image — Hasbara," by Director Zvi Levi; "Major Trends in 20th Century Philosophy from Hegel to Marcuse," by Prof. Avraham Wolfson; "Educational Aspects of Group Counselling"; "The Halacha and Jewish Ritual."

The emissaries are taught, by a rabbi, a minimal amount of religious knowledge and practice, to avoid later embarrassments. (The story is told of an Israeli *shaliah* who was informed that he would be called to the Tora. "How do we call you up?" he was asked. "Call me by phone," was the reply.) In the Machon they are taught how to put on *tefilin*, to pray, and some essentials of the paraphernalia of the synagogue service.

The *shlihim* destined for communities and Jewish centres are selected by the Youth and Hehalutz Department itself, by interview. The movement *shlihim* are sent by their respective movements and here the Machon has no say in their selection. But Zvi Levi and Paul occasionally have suggested at the end of a course that a particular *shaliah* would not succeed abroad: a few leave in the middle of the course. The class just ended was the fourth to pass through the Machon Leshlihim, and standard-wise it was by far the best. The movements seem to respect the Machon's opinion and are trying to suit their candidates to its criteria, says Paul.

What, then, makes a good *shaliah*, and what kind of people were the *shlihim* I met at the Machon who had survived this course? Uzi from Arad is a young blockbuster of a man, with a grin as wide as his girth. As soon as Paul finished his lecture — with a parting warning that: "The vast majority of American Jewish youth have no Zionist background at all. I can't emphasise that enough" — Uzi was up and organizing transport for

(Continued on next page)

Paul Laster, 29, mentor of the emissaries.

Three emissaries in training (left to right): Phil, Uzi and Bini.

THE HIP SHALIAH

(Continued from previous page)

a scheduled visit to the Foreign Ministry. There were no buses because of the strike, and he was busy regimenting the others into taxis in a cheery, booming voice.

"He is the work-horse type," said Paul, "the organizer; totally committed to his job; always on the go; the man who succeeds through hard work." The other type of successful *shaliah*, Paul explained, is the charismatic type, the inspirer. He gets people interested in himself, and through himself in Israel. A personality, a leader.

* * *

I asked the *shlihim* about their feelings on uprooting themselves and their families — most were married with children — and leaving Israel for two years. What was their motivation? Uzi was the first to reply. "The shock of discovering that there are six million Jews in America, most of whom know nothing about Israel, was enough to make me want to go and change as much as I can," he said with disarming idealism. He had come into contact with young Americans at the WUJS Institute at Arad and had found that he was able to influence them. Uzi is to be a community emissary in Cincinnati.

Phil, from Bnei Akiva, with a Hebrew University degree in Jewish History, is to take over the religious movement's activities in the Washington-Baltimore area. He will also be teaching in local Jewish schools. His aim is to propagate Jewishness. "But I thought the aim is to preach Zionism," I queried. "It's the same thing," he answered with a decisiveness that blunted all further questioning.

How would their wives and children take the change in environment and in schooling, I asked. The answer came from "Bini," 34-year-old father of six from Kibbutz Gonen, destined for West Orange, New Jersey. It was actually his wife who pushed him to come, he confided. The children would be attending Jewish schools and his wife would be a full-fledged housewife for the first time in her life.

All claimed some experience with young Americans here in Israel, "or at least American girls!" chimed in Moshe, from Haifa Bnei Akiva. All were confident that with the course behind them they could communicate easily tune in on the young Americans' wavelength. (I noticed from the timetable that the first lecture of the course, "Current Events and Terminology," is aimed to familiarize the *shlihim* from the outset with associations such as Kent State, "temple," "grass," "college," and personalities from Agnew to Angela Davis.

* * *

PAUL enumerated several criteria of a successful *shaliah*. Most important is an affable, outgoing character. The man who is not possessed of this vital trait is quickly spotted at the Machon, where the accent is on full participation by the students in all lectures and discussions. Knowledge of English (or the language of the country of destination, is also vital). The Machon uses private teachers, and a Jerusalem language laboratory at the Machon, but some students never achieve fluency. These are often advised to think again before going abroad.

But language is not a *sine qua non* says Paul: occasionally there is the man who comes through even in Pidgin simply through the power of his personality.

Above all says Paul, the good *shaliah* needs a sense of commitment, and this is the hardest to instill from outside. The commitment must be to Israel and to Zionism, not to some narrow, sectarian stream in them. To achieve such commitment the Machon deliberately arranges for *shlihim* of the most divergent possible backgrounds — Habonim and Bnei Akiva, Hashomer and Betar — to share rooms together. They must be taught that youngsters abroad have no interest in their factional, sectarian quarrels, and identify them only with Israel — the entirety. And this is how they must learn to identify themselves.

About as important as the *shaliah's* commitment is that of his wife. Paul arranged for the wives to spend one week-end at the Machon, when he tries to make them feel a part of the *shaliah's* missions.

A deep commitment and sense of mission come easiest to the religious *shlihim* Paul finds, "because they start out with a commitment to Judaism." The kibbutzniks are also more idealistic as a rule than the townsfolk, he says.

Committed to what? "Basically," says Paul, "the job of our *shlihim* is to make Israel a significant subject of interest and discussion among Jewish youth. We must be realistic; we cannot hope for mass *aliya*. *Aliya* figures are not the criterion of success. The criterion is the *shaliah's* impact on the sphere he operates in. Israel must be more to the young people than just the place their dads gave money to. I tell my *shlihim:* If you get a guy to read a book about Israel — you've also succeeded."

The Shittah — fact or legend

TORA AND FLORA

THERE is a kibbutz in the Negev called Erez (Cedar), but there are no cedars there. It was almost certainly so called metaphorically with reference to the verse in Isaiah 41.19, "I will plant in the wilderness the *erez*, the *shittah* tree, the myrtle and the oak tree. I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree." The context makes it perfectly clear that these are trees which do not grow in the desert and that they will do so only in the messianic age.

The portion of this Shabbat ends with the account of the immorality of which the Children of Israel were guilty in a place called Shittim. But it is not the only mention of the *shittah* in the Bible. *Shittim* wood was the only timber mentioned and used extensively in the erection of the Tabernacles in the wilderness. Where did they acquire it? The rabbis, probably with that verse from Isaiah in mind, firmly deny that its provenance was from the wilderness. "It does not grow there," they assert. And out of that fact they spin that beautiful legend to the effect that the Israelites took with them planks sawn from trees which Jacob, with prophetic insight, had brought with him from the Land of Israel and planted in Egypt. This legend is quoted by Rashi.

Two centuries later another N. French commentator, Hezekiah B. Manoah, gives another explanation. He does not mention Rashi by name, but it is obvious that his comment is a refutation of that legend. "In the wilderness," he comments, "There existed forests where grew the trees called Shittim, and it is in fact written "and Israel dwelt in Shittim. It is a light, smooth and beautiful wood. It is obvious that it is a light wood since the 48 planks (made of it for the sanctuary), together with their sockets and bars, as well as the pillars of the courtyard and their sockets, and the nine pillars of the sanctuary with their sockets and foundations, were all carried on the eight wagons which were given to the sons of Merari for that purpose (Numbers 4.29-37) although the planks were large ones, 10 cubits long, 1½ broad and ½ a cubit thick. It is therefore certain that it was a precious but very light wood."

What Hizzekuni overlooked however is that the Shittim where the licentious orgy took place was not in the wilderness! The children of Israel had already emerged from the wilderness and by their defeat of Sihon, the king of the Emorites, and Og, king of Bashan, were in possession of the fertile cultivated land of Transjordan. The existence of *shittah* trees there cannot be adduced as evidence of their existence in the desert. True, the acacia thorn grows in the wilderness but it is not possible to make from these gnarled trees the smooth long planks needed for the Sanctuary. And that is not the only reason why I prefer the legend to the rational explanation.

L.I. RABINOWITZ

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—My son the guru. —My father the poet.

"Allen is a guru, a leader of the youth. The secret of his popularity is that he expresses openly, without hesitancy or shame, what the young people think and feel, but are afraid to say. There is nobody who has Allen's power and magnetism and charisma. He's the most publicized poet in the world." The proud papa, talking to PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN, is LOUIS GINSBERG, who has been making hash of the celebrated generation gap as a member of the only father-and-son poetry reading team in the world.

LOUIS Ginsberg is a gentle, exuberant man, simple in his manner, deeply human in his beliefs. His accent and inflexion reflect the New Jersey environment in which he was born in 1895. Today, at 76, his only visible concession to the younger generation are his white sideburns, but his old-fashioned ideals are the stuff that the longings of today's youth are made of.

His poems appear in over 90 anthologies, but he has published [illegible] poetry is not sensational," he admits. "It's traditional, in the current of old-fashioned poetry, so there wasn't too much interest in it. But as time went on I improved it, and the magazines started taking it, so my name slowly spread until I came into notice. Then, in the last 10 years, there has been a sort of revival in me, a new vitalism." The result was his third book of poetry, "Morning in Spring," published last year with an introduction by his son. He is already preparing his fourth collection.

Generation gap

The generation gap should be enormous between Louis, the prototype of a Yiddishe Papa, and his aging (45) ex-Beatnik son Allen, who helped set off the Hippie explosion. And it once was.

"For a long time, we used to fight about each other's poetry. Allen didn't like my regular meters, my old-fashioned ideas. I didn't like his Leftish ideas, the dirty words he used. I thought his poetry was not carefully written. Allen has an idea that everything you say is good just because you say it. But I say that anything that pours out of your subconscious has got to be examined. Some things have to be rejected. You have to discriminate in poetry.

"But as time went on, Allen began to see that I had some things that were good, that were permanent, and I began to see his good things. I liked when he lashed out at hypocrisy and the falseness of the world. He had idealism. He thought that all men should feel the pulses of brotherhood. Well, I wrote some poems about that, too, so there we coincided. We agreed about an ideal world of peace and harmony, about brotherhood, about loving each other. You know, the ideas that have existed for so long, but no one pays attention to them. So now, when we're on the platform, we say we believe in peaceful, poetic co-existence."

The audiences which flock to the joint readings come in two groups: Hippies and their fathers. "They come to see how a father and a son, who seem so different, can get along. Sometimes when we finish reading, we hug each other, and the whole audience gets up and applauds."

The rapprochement between Louis and Allen began about eight years ago, "partly because Allen mellowed with age, and because he saw that my poetry was being studied in colleges and that critics wrote good things about me. He would go to a college to give a reading, and a professor would read some lines and ask Allen if he knew whose they were. Allen didn't, and the professor would tell him, 'they're your father's and we study them.' So we both began to see its different way, but each valid. After all, if one type of poetry, or music or art is good, you can't say that all the rest are bad. Now we influence each other. My lines are not so strict. I'm even beginning to write a little free verse. And Allen is correcting his lines more and not looking down on rhyme so much.

"And another thing. As the years went on, Allen realized that I loved him. I didn't like some of his ideas or the way he was acting, but I didn't say to him, 'don't come in my house with those ideas.' I took him in. And I had a sense of humour. His friends came and they even liked my puns."

("You know," he digressed, "in my old age I've got an affliction. I'm a punster. Like, 'Is life worth living? It depends on the liver'.")

"Now Allen sees I'm getting old, and he worries. You know, he doesn't have a mother. When Allen was young, his mother was psychotic and spent many years in sanatoriums. I brought him up. He had a pleasant home with books all around him. But he missed a mother. His writings were a relief to bring out the sorrow in him, and he felt better after he wrote.

Allen maturing

"He has never married, partly because he sees his mother in other women and shies away from them. You see, Allen is very brilliant, but because of his mother's sickness, and his love-hate attitude to her, he was slow in emotional development. But that's changing now. He's maturing. My second wife is a warm, friendly woman who showed him what a woman could be. He still has men and women, but lately he's drifting more to women."

As a youngster, Louis Ginsberg didn't like poetry. "But when I was a senior in high school, our teacher said we had to imitate a line from Milton and have it in by Monday morning. Here it was Saturday night, and I sat down and tried a line, and suddenly a whole poem, about 20 lines, tumbled out. I was so surprised, I looked around to see who was dictating it. When I brought it to class, the teacher read it out loud, and I liked that. When I graduated and went to Rutgers College, she called up the head of the English Department and told him to keep an eye on me. I won a poetry contest there, and the professor suggested I send my poems to magazines, and they started to accept them.

"My father was horrified when I told him I wanted to be a poet. How would I make a living, he asked. So I told him I loved books and words and I would be a teacher. I became a high school teacher and taught for 40 years at Paterson (New Jersey) High School."

For the past 25 years, Louis has been teaching evening classes in English at Rutgers. "My students are different from the everyday college student. Most of them are married, with children, and they work in the daytime. So when they come to class and pay money for a credit course, they don't want to fool around, they want to learn.

Want stairs

"Some of the regular college students maybe go to school because they don't know what they want to do. Some people say they want to go from riches to rags, that their parents make it too easy for them, they give them an escalator instead of making them go up the stairs, so they don't really know the values.

"Maybe that's right. But life is so different today. That's why [illegible] When I was growing up, everything seemed so peaceful. There were no upheavals, no upsets. But since then, what has happened? Two world wars, Einstein's relativity, mechanization, pollution, crime, welfare, over-population, drugs, Vietnam. The circumstances and the pressures are different, and they shape young people differently. The youngsters feel helpless and impotent, and so some of them get violent.

Against violence

"I'm against violence, because violence as a rule brings counteraction and suppression, and because it's the same tactics that the fascists use. I tell Allen and his friends, 'Don't use violence, especially in America, where you have options, where you can vote and demonstrate, and topple or sway a President if enough people feel the same way'."

Louis Ginsberg has never been rich. This is his first visit to Israel, because "it was hard to find time and money before. You know, poets are born but not paid. But I always made a living, and I've been happy. They say that success is getting what you want, but happiness is wanting what you get. I wanted to be a poet. And I am.

"Poetry is the most valuable thing in the world, as all art is, because art reflects the best aspirations and the best ideas of the human race. It perpetuates and saves beauty and feelings that, in life, don't last long. When Keats saw a beautiful urn, his thrill at it would have been lost if he had died without expressing it. But he wrote a poem, 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' and now everybody enjoys that feeling of emotional intensity and awareness. A poet expresses what the average person can't, he sees the things most people can't see, the beauty that hides behind the veil of familiarity."

Allen came to Israel in October, 1961, "but they were not ready for the Hippies. He talked to Martin Buber, he wanted to find out about Hassidim, but they didn't like the way he was dressed, the long hair, the dirty clothes. But now they tell me Israel is getting used to Hippies, so maybe in a year or two, Allen and I will come here to give a series of readings."

"The clothes and hair may look different then. "When we read, I [illegible] pears in a sweater and dungarees, because he says they'll have to take him for what he is and not what he wears. But he is maturing in this, too. When he had to testify recently before some marijuana committee, he put on a new suit and tie. And when one of my grandchildren, who copies him, came to his farm in dirty dungarees, Allen gave him a clean shirt and pants."

Allen has just cut off his beard too. "He told me it was because some Buddhists advised him to. But I think the real motivation is this: Allen is torn to pieces by people who stop him in the street and ask for his autograph. He wants to get away from that. I think he wanted to be a little more anonymous."

Louis Ginsberg has never suffered from an identity dilemma. "I don't think Allen has either. When his mother died in the sanatorium, he called me up from California and asked me to get him a *Siddur* (prayerbook), and he wrote his famous *'Kaddish.'* People ask him why he, as a Jew, follows the Buddhists, and he says he wants to preach idealism of the human race, to take the best of all religions. I say that's a good idea, but before I do that, I want to study more and explore more of my own Jewish heritage.

Lawyer son

"My other son, who is a lawyer, encountered a lot of anti-Semitism in the army. His name is Eugene Brooks Ginsberg, and he dropped the Ginsberg. I think he has an identity dilemma. But he's doing well, he has five children, and he writes poetry too. We all get along very well."

What would this eminently successful father advise the fathers of young rebels today? "I would say to them that they should listen to their sons and not get too angry or kick them out of the house. They should try to understand that their sons have been brought up in a different world. But they should not try to act like brothers and go to the other extreme, saying their sons are right in everything. I tell Allen, 'Yes, there's hypocrisy in the world and all kinds of ills, and you should write against it, but don't think you have the ultimate truth, that you have got the plans from God on how to make a new world. [illegible] There is a heritage of wisdom from ancient times and you have to listen to it.'

"I criticize Allen. I criticize his attitude on marijuana. After we read in public, we answer questions. They ask Allen if he smokes marijuana, and he says yes, then they ask me if I approve, and I say, 'No, I'm against it.' First of all, you can get high with your imagination, and secondly, it's against the law. I tell Allen that he shouldn't set a bad example for all the young people who look to him as a leader. So the newspapers come out with the headline, 'Father scolds Hippie guru,' and people say to me, How can you do that to such a famous poet? But I tell the truth, and Allen knows it, and now he'll still smoke marijuana if he's at a party, but he won't carry it on his person and he won't have it in his house.

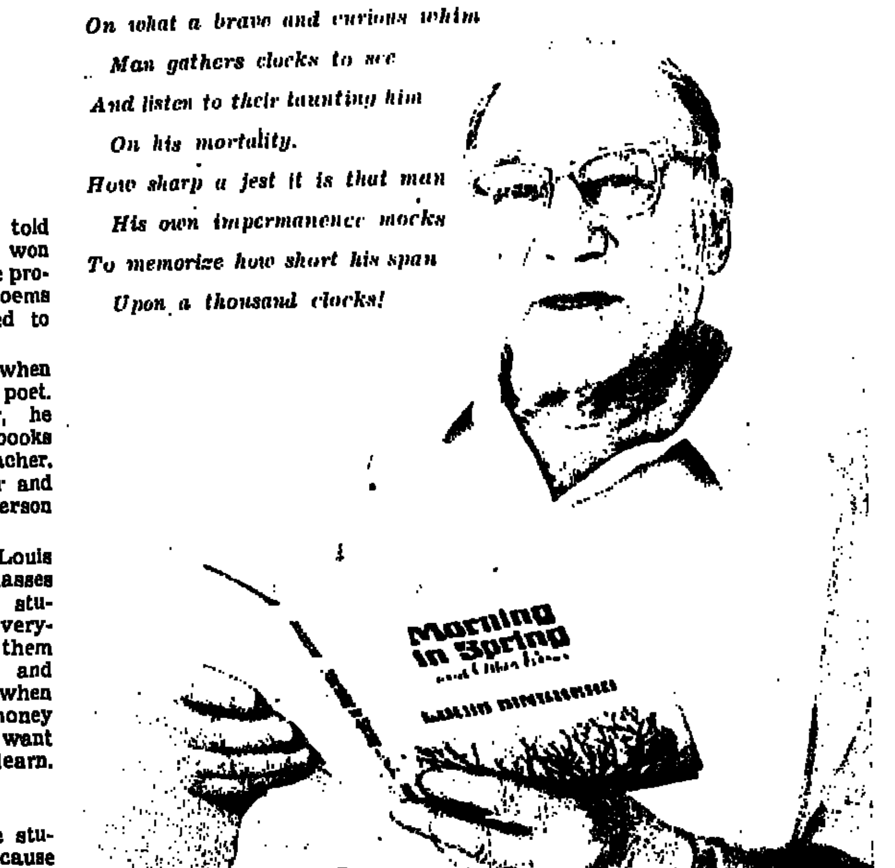
New Left

"I also criticize Allen for being friends with New Leftists. I tell him I won't appear on a platform with him if he goes with some of those people who support the Fatah. I tell him Israel is fighting for its life, and it's the only home for the Jews, and how can Allen, a Jew, go with the New Left who follow the Communist line about Israel being a cat's paw for American imperialism. Allen answers that he knows they're wrong, but they mean well'!

"You know, Allen has a friend, the Black playwright LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka). LeRoi Jones was once married to a Jewish girl and had two children, and now he's very bitter and says it was a mistake. He's bitter against the Whites and against the Jews. Allen explains it's because his father was killed in a riot. All right, but I tell Allen that injustice and hatred must be recognized but not perpetuated. If I'm going to follow the rule of LeRoi Jones, that means I'm going to hate all the Germans because they killed six million Jews, all the Catholics because they killed Jews in the Inquisition, all the Europeans who had pogroms, all the Russians. So where would we be? We have to avoid hatred, we have to advance the human race, by trying to be in accord with the biblical conception of being all brothers."

CLOCKS by Louis Ginsberg

On what a brave and curious whim
Man gathers clocks to see
And listen to their taunting him
On his mortality.
How sharp a jest it is that man
His own impermanence mocks
To memorize how short his span
Upon a thousand clocks!



Louis Ginsberg reads his latest book of poetry, "Morning in the Spring" (N.Y., Morrow), during his current (first) visit in Jerusalem.
(Photo Carol Gootter)

Davidson's new novel— a minor masterpiece

SMITH'S GAZELLE by Lionel Davidson. London, Jonathan Cape. 255 pp. £1.60.

Reviewed by Karen Gershon

LIONEL DAVIDSON

IT would not be doing this book justice to begin my review in the conventional way; a summary of the story might fail to convey that this is a delightful entertainment to be taken seriously. I recommend that you read it and pass it on, especially to people outside Israel, where Davidson has been living for nearly three years and where it is set. It is a minor masterpiece.

Smith's gazelle is a fabular animal, a sort of latter-day unicorn, with the power of inspiring at sight truly infinite devotion: an Arab outcast in a small wilderness dedicates his life to breeding the almost extinct species; it occasions blood-brotherhood between two children, the one a kibbutznik and the other a Beduin. Like Wolf Mankowitz's "A Kid for Two Farthings," the story has a fairy tale quality and will at its simplest level appeal to young people; as that book is really about London's East End, so this one is really about Israel. I do not wish to carry the comparison further: Lionel Davidson's talent is original and unique.

The home of the Jewish child, Jonathan, is Gel-Harim, a kibbutz near the Syrian border founded in 1949. Within a few pages Davidson provides a comprehensive account of Jewish agricultural settlement including its economic problems and the ideological questions of hired labour and the relationship with neighbouring Arabs; this is better than any other account and certainly better than any propaganda I have ever read.

Born under a curse

The kibbutz took its name from the ravine beyond it; here the Arab Hamud dwells like Robinson Crusoe. He was born under a curse: with no roof to his mouth and one eye; in the ravine, he also loses one of his ears, and breaks his back in a fall. The author allows fate to carry things to extreme verging on the ludicrous. Hamud is superstitiously devout and rather mad. His wife and her lover were killed in the act by her father and brother; Hamud kills them both; fleeing, after this, from his native village he takes refuge in the ravine which harbours in a cave the last specimen of *gazella smithii*, a pregnant female. This is all subliminal fable; Davidson maintains credibility on a knife-edge, by means of an absolute sense of tact, substantiating his fantasy with exact facts, counter-weighting its poetry with colloquial writing (the magic gazelle runs "like hell;" Hamud, with a Biblical view of life, is "tickled" by his situation). Davidson's sense of tact is apparent also in the restraint with which he presents violence, and in the absence of a conventional love (read sex) interest: this is a potential best-seller containing all the positive and none of the negative ingredients for making it so.

From the other side of the ravine, from Syria, comes Musallem, the Beduin boy; he is introduced to the reader complete with a microcosm of Beduin existence. Davidson puts the case of the Palestinian Arabs naively but fairly, as seen through their eyes, making out an unchallengeable case *for* Israel, by means of innuendo, as he does when it comes to the Six Day War. I am not sure whether this can be called funny; it is extremely skilful writing, and superb advocacy.

Making sense

Jonathan, brought up by rationalists, has discovered for himself that sense can be made of the incomprehensible world by including in the scheme of things the idea of God; to him, this is The Game. Hamud, the crazy old cripple who believes that he has been chosen to lead his herd of gazelles into the Holy Land, to replace there both Arabs and Jews, considers the boy a divine messenger. Jonathan, a little rebel, is amusing himself at the expense of adult so-called sanity. This is how Davidson puts it, in a discussion between Jonathan and a general, head of the Nature Reserves Authority:

"In April, 1967 at one of the border kibbutzim, they wanted to get their beetroot in. 'And the Syrians wouldn't let them, kept on shelling them. So we had to do something about it, and one thing followed another, and the war came about, which is the way wars do come about, for serious reasons of agriculture and economics.'

"'Not for the gazelles at all?'
"'Not at all,' the general said, smiling. 'That would be silly, wouldn't it?'

"'But for beetroots.' Jonathan said, and the general was obliged to agree with him."

This is Lionel Davidson's fifth novel ("Making Good Again;" "The Night of Wenceslas;" "The Rose of Tibet," and "A Long Way to Shiloh"); they have all been good, and each one has been better than its predecessor; Lionel Davidson may yet write a major masterpiece. At the moment, he ranks as a first-class storyteller in the tradition of Nigel Balchin ("The Small Back Room") and Nevil Shute ("The Pied Piper." I realize that in terms of world literature these books cannot be considered very important. "Smith's Gazelle" is important to us.

American Jewish saga

SEASON OF MISTS by Charles Angoff. New York, Thomas Yoseloff. 383 pp. $6.95.

Reviewed by Paul Gould

CHARLES ANGOFF

THIS is the ninth volume in Charles Angoff's David Polonsky saga (see interview with Angoff on this page). Like the previous volumes, it can be enjoyed either by itself or, preferably, as an integral part of the cycle on the Polonsky clan which immigrated to Boston from Russia early in the century. The present volume covers the period from the second half of the 1940s, the Truman years, and the early 1950s, and it introduces at least two new particularly fascinating personalities.

One is the political satrap, Jay Lovestone, here called Larry Bluestein, and the other is Mussolini's Jewish mistress of the early 1920s, Angelica Balabanoff, here named Sophia Makaroff. It is in their recreation that Angoff is at his best. Their ambitions, their motivations, their ultimate foredoomed failure in the intricate gambit of life are so masterfully etched that the reader after only a chapter is convinced he has met and known them all his life.

There are other splendidly drawn individuals. One, reminiscent of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, is — not accidentally — put into contrast with a rabbi: the former preaches syrupy, banal stuff, but David has already recalled a vibrant Shabbat sermon by the rabbi. The contrast is incisive. In this confrontation, 150 pages apart, Angoff shows his narrative skill and further evidence of his soaring love for the Jewish People.

And, as though to underscore the essential and indivisible unity of the Jew as a Jew, there is a fourth brilliant portrayal, that of Fay Emerton, nee Faigel Elfenbein, the daughter of Sarah J. [illegible], a well-known Jewish writer. Fay is the typical Jewish intellectual, helplessly and hopelessly bogged down in "emancipation," which in this case means free love and intermarriage. The reader again has a ringside seat on the rise and fall of the drifting Jew who, uprooted from his tradition, is neither Jew nor fowl nor fish.

Essentially, there are two concurrent and persistent themes at this stage in the Polonsky series: the first is the creation of the State of Israel, the other the imperishable bond between Jew and Eretz Yisrael. And since Angoff — like Proust and Zola and Sherwood Anderson — is primarily and overwhelmingly a novelist of ideas rather than of conventional action and contrived crisis and climax, it is essential to understand his approach to fiction in order to fully appreciate his contribution to Jewish-American literature.

In a recent lecture in Jerusalem on "Jewish American Literature Comes of Age," Angoff said that the artist must do more than construct storied plot. The real artist takes the commonplace person, the ordinary individual (David Polonsky in this case), places him onstage centre, and says, "Behold the man." The artist then must "illuminate" the soul of this individual. And he must do so with *rachmones* (compassion); the writer, who sneers is no artist.

Particularly for those readers who lived through the storm of the years pictured in the Polonsky saga, who lived through them *as Jews*, there emerges considerable meaning. For the other outstanding fictioneers of the period — Sinclair Lewis or Theodore Dreiser or, more recently, John Cheever or Louis Auchincloss — do not essentially perform the same function. The Jew is a stranger in the land.

When Angoff, against the Jewish background so dazzingly unfurled, recounts the stormy days of Henry Wallace and the Progressive Party, the dramatic comeback of the underdog Truman in his presidential battle with Thomas E. Dewey, the struggling magazines and the ill-assorted characters who edited them, it is always against the flaming hues of the Jewish individual, be he Zionist, Socialist, Assimilationist or the non-person, the drifting observer. All are shown against their common Jewish background, and it is in his depiction of what they do with this heritage that Angoff displays his narrative genius.

In "Season of Mists," David Polonsky is again the psychological bachelor, inevitably drawn to the motherly widow, Helen Davidson, but unable to come to terms with a rather prosaic decision: to marry or not to marry. At novel's end, we are saddened by the death of a person we have long known and loved, David's mother.

But it is not David's indecisive romance with Helen that is preeminent. David is the very convenient vehicle, as editor-reporter-writer, for transmission of the social, political and religious influences of the day. David is Every-Jew in whose company rotate the melange of characters who have graced or disgraced the particular years covered by the particular novel.

And Angoff always manages a reassuring note. Yes, compassion is the great yardstick of the artist.

H.L. Mencken's challenge

ONE day 45 years ago, Charles Angoff, then managing editor of "The American Mercury," was walking on New York's Fifth Avenue with his boss, the magazine's iconoclast editor, H.L. Mencken. They were animatedly discussing [illegible] then touted as a materpiece. Angoff thought the novel was a snob job and that the book's central figure, the grandmother, was unreal.

"Well, if you think so," Mencken told his 24-year-old assistant, "why don't *you* do better?"

That, Angoff relates, is what started him off on his career as a writer — a career that so far encompasses 40 books of poetry, essays, plays, short stories and novels, notably the nine already issued in the David Polonsky saga.

Following that conversation, Angoff sat up one night writing a nostalgic piece about his *alte bobbe*, his great grandmother. The piece was rejected by editor after editor, including the editors of the Jewish journals, even such an outstanding discoverer of talent as the late Henry Hurwich, Editor of the now defunct but then pioneering "Menorah Journal."

Finally, Angoff sent the story to the "Prairie Schooner," the literary magazine published by the University of Nebraska. This was one of the excellent college publications that thrived in an era when New York City had as many as 20 different daily newspapers (there are only three today), and for the princely sum of $100 an aspiring literateur could start up, on credit, a monthly magazine with 15 galleys of type.

Four days later came a letter of acceptance with an invitation to submit more stories. And from this wellspring emanated Angoff's Polonsky saga, first as a series of short stories, and now nine volumes published, with numbers 10 and 11 ready for publication and number 12 in the writing. The series will encompass 15 volumes in all, covering some 80 years beginning with the 1890s. Today Angoff is President of the Poetry Society of America, Editor of the international quarterly "Literary Review," Professor of Literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey, Chief Editor of the Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, and the grandfather of two children.

The story of the publication of the Polonsky novels is also a dramatic one. He was wondering what to do with the manuscript when, one day in 1946, idly glancing through "The New York Times," he saw a note in the books column about a new venture in the publishing field. He telephoned, and Thomas Yoseloff answered the ring. (It transpired that at this time he was virtually a one-man operation; he answered the phone, read manuscripts — when available — arranged for contracts and printing, wrote the publicity [illegible] typewriter in the corner.) Angoff suggested an appointment: "Next week, maybe?"

"Next week? How about tomorrow?"

The next day Angoff brought the 1,000-page manuscript for "Journey to the Dawn," and asked: "When shall I call you — in a month?"

"A month? Call me tomorrow."

The next day, Yoseloff said: "I like it. It's long and we'll have to make several novels out of it instead of one, but I'll publish it." That volume is now in its fifth printing, and Yoseloff has published all the other volumes of the saga.

Who was his earliest influence?

"No question about him. His name was Chaim Weizmann, and he used to visit my maternal grandfather in Minsk, where I was born. I was only about six then, but I can still see him, sitting there with me on his knee, under the huge picture of the black-bearded Herzl, dipping sugar into tea and talking politics with my grandfather."

Angoff was eight years old when the clan packed off for Boston. Eventually, a Harvard graduate and full-fledged intellectual hopelessly floundering in a hostile world of publishing — Jews at the time were generally barred from the communications world — he finally accepted a job for $22 a week on what he terms a "blackmail" weekly. (The publisher solicited ads with one hand, meanwhile ostentatiously flourishing a sordid revelatory article of sex hijinks by the "client" in the other.)

Some time later, he "and about 20,000 others" applied for a job with the redoubtable Mencken. Angoff got it — because, Mencken told him, he was the only candidate to submit samples of his writings along with his *curriculum vitae*. Pay: $50 a week.

Now, number 12 of the Polonsky series is in the works. "Any new characters?"

"Yes," he smiled. "*Di alte bobbe* (the old grandma) has gone but now we have *di blonde bobbe*" (the blond grandma). The book is untitled as yet, but see the poetic names of the preceding books: "Journey to the Dawn," "In the Morning Light," "The Sun at Noon," "Between Day and Dark," "The Bitter Spring," "Summer Storm," "Memory of Autumn," "Winter Twilight," and now "Season of Mists" (reviewed above). *PAUL GOULD*

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هكذا من الأصل

The new France

OUR pre-occupation with the hostile policy of the French Government since 1967 has often clouded our eyes to other developments in that country and to the growing role France is now playing in Europe. It is likely that France soon will to a large extent determine the policy of a united Europe. This calls for more understanding of that country than many of us have. Those wishing to become more acquainted with present day France are advised to read **THE NEW FRANCE** by John Ardagh (Penguin, 719 pp., 16s.), a massive study of French industry, decaying local government, frustrated youth, the arts, the church, housing, etc. Ardagh, an English journalist, wrote the book *after* the May, 1968 "revolution" in France. He thinks that France is going into a temporary decline out of which she will emerge stronger and more resourceful than ever. He does not know how long this decline will last and what will be its short-term effects on the country.

* * *

THE effects of the dramatic changes in France on Europe have been analysed by John Pinder and Roy Price in their **EUROPE AFTER DE GAULLE** (Penguin, 191 pp., 6s.). Although a number of things have changed since the book's original appearance — Britain is at the threshold of Europe — the book is interesting in the way it brings out the case for a united Europe and the tremendous influence it will exert on *world affairs. This* and the Ardagh book provide some of the clues as to what Israel can do about some of the setbacks she has recently suffered in Europe.

MERON MEDZINI

Paperbacks

No place for tenderness

H.E. Bates is a most felicitous writer, and in such books as "The Purple Plain" he has created characters that move you deeply. There is a sense of reality about them, an edge and a complexity that make believable their successes and failures in living. Unfortunately, in the collection **THE FABULOUS MRS. V.** (Penguin, 5s), a great deal of this depth is missing. here Bates presents us with a *gallery of ageing spinsters, frustrated* youths and inhibited bachelors — he insists on keeping them as stereotypes and not as people, and one wonders why. His themes are loneliness and despair, and it is as if he can only deal with this by remaining aloof from the characters he has created or by laughing at them. Somehow there is no tenderness anywhere, and age is a time for only acting the fool.

The story "A Party For The Girls" embodies most of this. The *party in question is given by a* timid spinster in her 60s for "the girls," who range from her age to the 90s. All of them are widows or unmarried, and the purpose of the party is to make everybody a little happier, even if it means that the only way to do so is by getting them drunk. Horace, a bachelor of 50, enters the picture, and these sad vestiges of women try to seduce him, with Miss La Rue, who is 90, definitely leading the field. The story is too bitter for the elements [illegible] *race! He* has "the appearance of a shy and inattentive prawn," and it is his fate to end up potted.

The title story is also filled with rigidly conceived people. "V" stands for Varley, but it might as well be "voracious," for that is what she is. Mrs. V. lives out her life regardless of the cost to anyone else, and as a result has reduced her husband to an absurdity and has stifled the growth of her daughter. This much we know, but nothing more, for we only see her through the eyes of an awkward young man who is sketched in as lightly as Mrs. V. herself. Therefore, when her downfall finally comes, it is hard to feel anything for her.

Interestingly enough, Bates' real skill comes through in two stories set outside England. Both the "Lotus Land" and "The Ginger-Lily Girl" take place in Tahiti. Here, the land itself plays a dominant role, (as it did in "The Purple Plain") and against the harshness of their existence the people are shown in much more humane terms — realistic and tough, but with a sense of understanding that makes it all bearable. It is as if there is for Bates a greater waste of life taking place in the tennis courts and across the tea cups of England than there is in those lands where Nature itself destroys.

BETTY SHORTT

Deeply felt, committed work

BY contrast, **I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER** a play by Robert Bates (Signet, $0.95), which also deals with problems of age, is a deeply felt and indeed a committed piece of work. All the difficulties that arise when parents grow, older — and, in this case, when a very complex and demanding man finds himself turning for help to the children he has once dominated — are examined. Many levels of love and hate are at work: emotions explode and subside, anger is appeased and then erupts again, the rational is forever at war with childhood fears.

The play deals with the life of the Garrison family, and in particular the conflict between Tom Garrison, now 80, and his two grown up children — Gene, a writer and teacher, who recently lost his wife, and Alice, whom her father threw out of the family when she married a Jew. When the mother dies, both children [illegible] with their feelings about their father — but they only know at the end what they already knew at the beginning: that they both love and hate him; that he will destroy them if he stays with them, and that they will destroy him if they put him into an old people's home. Tom Garrison is 80 and going senile, but for them almost any word that he says can reduce them to childhood again. He is a man full of bitterness against his own father, and as much chained to his own past as they are to theirs. Gene is perhaps the one most affected by all this, for he can see what is happening both to himself and everyone around him. In the final scene of the play father and son confront each other, start to come closer together and then suddenly explode. The issue that ignites them is whether or not the father will move to California where the son intends to go, remarry and start a new life. The father resists and wants things to remain exactly as they always have been, with his son and future wife coming to live with him. The issue, of course, is not really about location, but of establishing new patterns in the relationship with the father assuming a secondary role. This never comes about, and the play ends with bitter anger on both sides — but it is an anger that contains a great depth of unspoken love, and it is this that gives the play its power.

BETTY SHORTT

All the world a kibbutz

INTEREST in the facts of prison-life seems to be growing. Perhaps *uncousciously* we feel that in a sense we are all "guilty" and therefore not so different from men in prison, just a bit more lucky. **LIFE** by Zeno (the name is taken from that of the Stoic philosopher who retreated from the world for 10 years to study), now re-issued in paperback by Pan (205 pp, IL4.20), is one of the most gripping and convincing descriptions of prison life I have ever read. Zeno is an Englishman who committed murder and was imprisonment, of course, never means exactly that). We are never told why and whom he murdered, only that the murder was premeditated. Zeno is a highly intelligent man and a very good writer, and this makes it all the harder for the reader to come to terms with his terrible crime. In addition to this book, he has also published a collection of short stories for which he received two Arthur Koestler Awards, and a novel about the Battle of Arnhem, in which he served as an officer with the 1st *Airborne Division.*

Zeno demonstrates that the real tragedy of prison life is that for the most part it is a sheer waste of time. He quotes the law that the punishment is supposed to be only the fact of being incarcerated in itself and not any incidental brutality or privation. Practically no attempt is made to teach the men anything — there are courses in such things as brick-laying, light engineering, plumbing and so on, but they are on such a level that very few of the men will be able to practise these trades when they come out. The prime reason for these courses is that a "satisfactory image of something being done must be presented to the public."

The significance of Israel seems to have penetrated even the prison walls. Some of his cronies are having an illicit drinking party and Zeno dreams away on a wave of boozy euphoria:

"I feel that if at this moment I were to create a world there could be no evil in it, for there is no longer any evil in me. I should like to colonize a desert with lifers and make flowers grow like the Israelis have. I'd turn the whole world into a great kibbutz."

Zeno was released after 10 years. He has become unsocial, not anti-social, he says, as a result of his sentence. But the reader cannot [illegible] always the case — somehow one feels a dark "lost" strain in him, beyond will-power and logic. In his freedom, he asks himself: "What am I going to live for?" And perhaps this is what makes the books compulsively readable. the questions that Zeno asks himself are really the questions that we all ask. Imprisonment has only forced him to confront them more honestly. Zeno has a gift for making his fellow prisoners ordinary human beings. He has the natural writer's price*less gift of* being able to create a world. We suspend judgment —what one feels mostly is compassion and on finishing the book, we feel we have lived through Zeno's experience.

AVIVA EVEN-PAZ

'Movement writing'

REFLECTING a rather quieter *New Left* politics than that portrayed by actuality or the newspapers, **NEW AMERICAN REVIEW 11**, edited by Theodore Solotaroff (New York, Simon and Schuster, Paperback, 240 pp. $1.95), tries to capitalize on the title "Movement Writing." In this case, that cognomen describes a rather insipid collection of essays, stories and poems sandwiched between some not too recent Allen Ginsberg poems and the moving poem, even older, "Last Words," by the late Sylvia Plath. The *first volume to be sponsored* by Simon and Schuster falls far below the standards set in the earlier editions of the paperback magazine, published by the New American Library. Save your money for a hopefully improved NAR 12.

CURTIS ARNSON

Classics-revived

TWO recently revived classics are new translations of the 19th-century French novels **THE RED AND THE BLACK** by Stendhal (translated by Lloyd C. Parks, Afterword by Donald Frame, New York, Signet Classics, 534 pp. $0.95), and Emile Zola's **GERMINAL** (translated by Stanley and Eleanor Hochman, Afterword by Irving Howe, New York, Signet Classics, 448 pp., $1.50). Stendhal (pseudonym for Henri Beyle) wrote a psychological novel not only about the complex character Julien Sorel, both villain and hero, but also about the dominant forces of military and clergy in post-Revolution French society. Columbia University Professor Frame's Afterword is concise and scholarly, a good aid to reading the book. The footnotes, inconveniently placed at the end, are not worth turning back to check.

"Germinal," written in 1885 as the 13th of the 20-volume Rougon-Macquart novel series, concerns the growing social awareness by coal-miners of the "exploitative capitalistic system." It presumably costs more than the Stendhal because of the "popular name". Afterword by Irving Howe, which is a slipshod job of Howe "appreciating" Zola. Those who like Howe may welcome it.

CURTIS ARNSON

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS

INCREASE OF CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCES FOR WORKERS

In accordance with an order of the Minister of Labour, the size of the children's allowance *for workers for the first child* has been raised by IL5.00 from IL12.50 to IL17.50, as from January 1, 1971.
Employers are requested to pay the difference of IL5 monthly to all employees entitled to a workers' children's allowance for the first child who until now, have received IL12.50 monthly, as from January 1, 1971.

AMOUNTS OF ALLOWANCE FOR WORKERS

	Monthly Allowance	Daily Allowance
One child	IL 17.50	IL 0.70
Two children	IL 35.00	IL 1.40
Three children	IL 52.50	IL 2.10

Refund of Payments to Employers
The amount of the difference paid to employees will be refunded to employers as part of the normal monthly report on Insurance Payments (Form 102).
The special form that was attached to the circular sent to employers concerning the June, 1971 Children's Allowance for workers" should be filled in concerning payment of the difference.
Similarly, the amount of the difference that has been paid should be included in the next monthly report to the Institute (Form 102).

Dear Employer
A circular to employers containing general guidelines concerning payment of workers' children's allowance has recently been sent to all employers. Additional copies are available at National Insurance Institute branches.

המוסד לביטוח לאומי

The strange, brief life of Burckhardt the traveller

DESERT TRAVELLER: The Life of Jean Louis Burckhardt by Katharine Sim. London, Gollancz. 447 pp. Illustrated. £3.

Reviewed by S. Benaron

PROBABLY it is because Jean Louis Burckhardt belongs to the age of the travellers, not of the archaeologists, and perhaps also because his name is confused with that of Jakob Burckhardt, the great historian who was a distant kinsman, *that he is not as* well known as he should be in the history of the opening up of the Middle East to the Western world. Still, it is surprising that only now, in Mrs. Sim's work, have we been provided with an account in English of his strange, brief life and an appreciation of his extraordinary discoveries.

Burckhardt was born to a well-to-do Swiss family in 1784 and left his country for England to find the freedom denied to it by *Napoleon's despotism.* He died of dysentery in Cairo in 1817. He began his travels in 1809, when he was only 25 years old, and in the eight remaining years of his life he was the first to discover a Hittite hieroglyph; the first European to report on the Jebel Druze (the German explorer Seetzen had visited part of that area, but his account had been lost); the first to give a detailed topography of the Hauran; the first to discover Petra, unknown to the West since the *Crusades (which Seetzen had look*ed for but failed to find); the first to find the Great Temple of Abu Simbel (now removed to make way for the Aswan Dam), which had been unseen by European eyes since the Graeco-Roman period; the first European to give a complete description of the Kaaba Stone in Mecca; the first to describe the extent and form of the Gulf of Eilat.

Achievement enough for any single, much longer life. And all this was *done single-handed,* when often ill, semi-blind (he was at one stage completely blind for many days), for long periods in rags, and starving, in danger of his life from bandit Beduins and fellow caravan travellers.

His ambition was to trace the course of the great River Niger, for which he was commissioned by the (London) African Association. As he was to travel alone, he prepared himself for this by a long stay in Aleppo, learning Arab *and Moslem law* and customs and the language, and accustoming himself to the hardships he knew he would meet. He did this so successfully that he was able to pass himself off as Sheikh Ibrahim. He died before he could complete that mission, but his accomplishments were great enough for any man.

He had a shrewd understanding of the people among whom he ventured. Thus, of the Druzes he wrote that if Syria "were ever to emerge from its deadly slumber" it might be *through their influence;* they might be strong enough to "throw off their allegiance to the Porte and regenerate the nation's deplorable state." Far in advance of his own time he saw the evils of the slave trade within Africa itself, quite apart from the trade to America. He suggested that there would be better prospects in "the education of the sons of Africa in their own country, and by their own countrymen, previously educated by Europeans." Then, and only then, he felt, would the Blacks be able to resist and repel the rapacious inroads of the Moslem traders. And although what he had heard or seen of the Blacks had not given him a good impression of their general character, he adds, as a modern anthropologist would, that he had not yet seen them in their own countries but only after they had fallen into the hands "of those vile traders, who would spoil the mildest and most amiable dipositions."

The numerous illustrations are a *valuable and pleasing part of the* book. Some of them are by the author herself; others are from David Roberts, reproduced so well that even the reduced form leaves a clear impression of the beauty of the originals.

About mushrooms

TOADSTOOLS AND SUCH by Solveig Paulson Russel. Illustrations by Joe Nerlinger. Wings Books, Steck-Vaughin Company, Austin, Texas Steck-Vaughin (Wings Books). 48 pp.

Reviewed by Louis I. Rabinowitz

I HAD two completely unrelated experiences on one day recently. The first was the reply I received from a distinguished Professor of Mycology (the study of mushrooms) of the Hebrew University to my query as to whether a certain mushroom grew in Israel or the Near East. He told me that his research is confined to mushrooms without tops; for information on mushrooms with tops, to which my query referred, he suggested that I contact a fellow researcher in another institution of learning.

The other was the receipt of a curious learned work which divided up the various commandments of the Bible according to whether they added to the sanctity of the various organs of the body, and on the title page appeared the following warning: "One is forbidden to rely upon anything in the work for practical purposes without first enquiring from a qualified rabbi!"

These two disparate subjects came to my mind when I read this little book on mushrooms. It is written in the simplest of language, designed as it is for children. It gives the characteristics of the various main types of mushrooms, how to distinguish between the edible and the poisonous, gives suggestions as to what information to write down in a notebook about all the mushrooms one finds. It informs the young reader that "it is fun to look for the strange plants called mushrooms and to learn about them."

But, as there are poisonous mushrooms which do not have the characteristics listed by which one may identify them, and, on the other hand, as there are edible mushrooms which do have them, and it is therefore "very difficult to tell poisonous and non-poisonous mushrooms apart," one should take note: "... mushrooms found in a grocery store are the safest ones to eat." In other words, "one is forbidden to rely on anything in this book for practical purposes, without enquiring from an expert mycologist!"

Teaching the slow learner

AWAKENING THE SLOWER *MIND by Violet R. Bruce,* Oxford, Pergamon Press, 232 pp. $4.

Reviewed by Michael Chazan

SINCE a certain percentage of children fail to find happiness and fulfilment in school, special *education* to provide for those children has always been a major concern. In Israel, problems of integrating children from different cultures and backgrounds can be acute, and apparent backwardness may be no more than cultural dissonance. Dr. Bruce's book is therefore of special interest to us.

In the introduction to the long opening chapter, "Who are the children who fail?", Dr. Bruce, Principal Lecturer in Dance at the British College of Education, reminds us that the slow learners include the physically handicapped, such as brain-damaged children, those with impaired sight or hearing, as well as immigrant children and those with difficulties in communication and language.

In discussing the education of these children, Dr. Bruce notes: "The I.Q. is not a fundamental measure of intelligence, and by itself is of little importance. Children who fail in their school tasks, who are disturbed and emotionally starved often suffer further under testing, and for them I.Q. tests are unreliable, giving little valid indication of ability and potential." She recommends testing with discretion, undertesting rather than overtesting, and warns against tests becoming a status symbol. She suggests concentrating on activities which are not measurable in examination terms, activities which are performed for joy and satisfaction, such as painting, music-making, movement, dance, [illegible] *tive writing. In the chapter entitled* "The Language of Words as a Major Problem," Dr. Bruce writes that teachers, in their anxiety to instil discipline, often deny the child — particularly the slower child — what is essential to him, namely, the exchange of talk. Very often the less able child is sadly lacking in verbal expression and must be encouraged to express himself by all means available. Whereas with a class of normal children it is possible to get by on reading and *writing, conversation* is essential to the slower child. The teacher must be able to get on the children's wavelength, and it is surprising how hard this is for many teachers.

Parent-substitute

Since many of the slow learners come from broken homes, the teacher may find himself in the role of parent-substitute. He may well be the only stable adult in the life of the child. Despite this great respon*sibility, the poorer* pupil is very often provided with a poorer teacher. In England the reason for this is that no special reward is given in the secondary schools (which start from the age of 11) to the teachers of the low streams. Major allowances are given in most cases to those teaching more capable children.

In Israel this hardly applies, and teachers in special schools or teaching special classes in normal schools are justifiably rewarded, those with Diplomas in Special Education getting as much as 20 per cent above the basic scale. In general, slower learning children are well catered for in the Israel elementary schools: in addition to special schools for educationally subnormal children, for physically handicapped and severely emotionally disturbed children, we have here remedial classes for those with difficulties in learning, and therapeutic classes for emotionally disturbed children in the standard schools.

Therapeutic class

The theurapeutic class — known as *kita tipulit* — is particularly successful, lightening the burden of the teacher of a normal class, the problem child remaining attached to his own class while being under the care of a specialist teacher for half of his school day. The class is equipped with many therapeutic aids, and to every class are attached a social worker and a psychologist as well as a psychological adviser to the teacher. The great lack here is from the age of 14 onwards, where no special classes — and in many schools no psychological service — are provided. That education after the age of 14 is a luxury isn't the point: emotional disturbance is known to increase in adolescence, and if picked up by the psychological team in elementary school, preventive work can be done which may prevent more serious illness.

Dr. Bruce suggests what might be done to change the prevailing attitude to the teaching of the less able. "The purpose of education is not to produce more scholars, technicians and job hunters, but integrated men and women, free from fear." We must search for avenues whereby they can develop towards ability to communicate, towards understanding and maturity. Other ways of communication must be made available so long as reading and writing are still difficult to these children.

In a most eloquent chapter, "The Arts as Communication," the author discusses the visual arts, movement, dance, drama and music. Since most children have the ability to draw, paint and create things with materials, they can usually obtain release, enjoyment and self-expression from such activities. It is all too often taken for granted that those who don't succeed in the basic educational skills will not succeed in any art. Yet despite certain difficulties, there is far greater scope *for expression in the arts. Materials* supplied should be rich and of good quality. In England, despite an adequate budget, poor materials are often supplied. In Israel, despite limited budgets, the less able children are well catered for and often provided with the best materials.

Art of movement

Dr. Bruce describes movement as "the one (art) through which the *educationally failing* child might well come to a greater state of learning readiness. It is an art in the centre of all arts linking with rhythm, sound, shape-form, texture, nature, people and the happenings of life."

Music is a subject which in most schools is, unfortunately, given little attention. Music can answer subconscious needs, giving emotional release and satisfaction; it brings friendliness, happiness, security [illegible] others. It is a great pity that we cannot find the means of teaching this subject properly (or at all) to all children, whatever their ability.

A reading of this book will benefit not only the teacher or parent of the slower learner but also those concerned with more normal children, since the author succeeds in putting under a microscope, and illuminating, the entire learning process in the child.

Michael Chazan teaches music and special education in Jerusalem, where he settled four and half years ago from England.

Poets sought

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor

Sir — I would like to form a group consisting of poets writing in English who would read and discuss their own poetry. Those interested please contact me at Kibbutz Ramat Hashofet, Do'ar Ramat Hashofet.

L. SUMMERS

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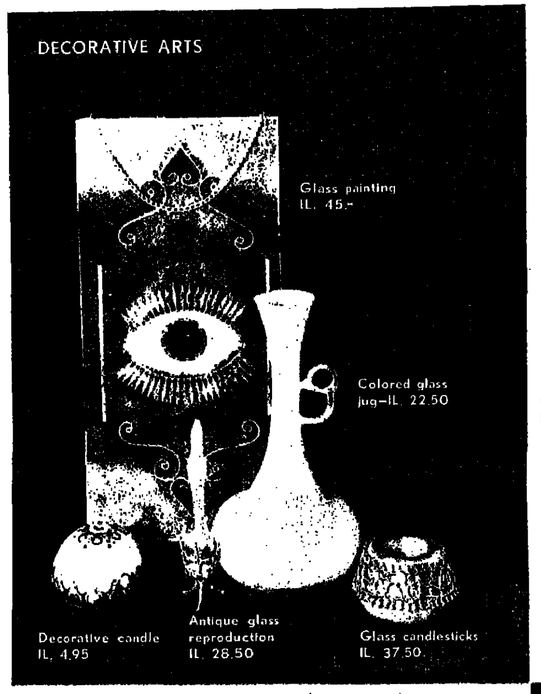

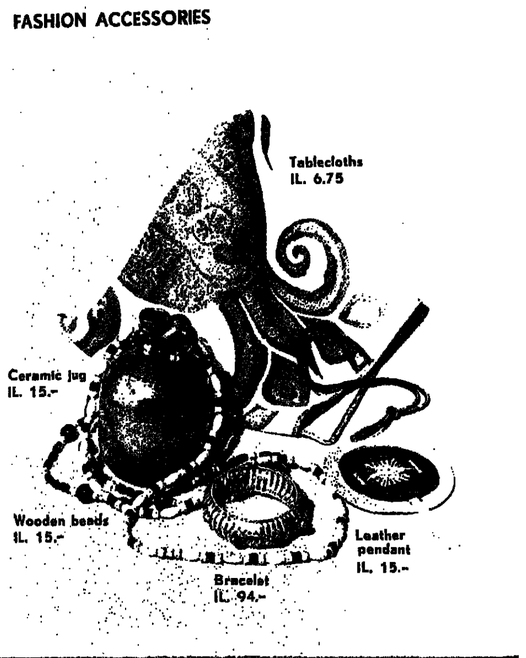

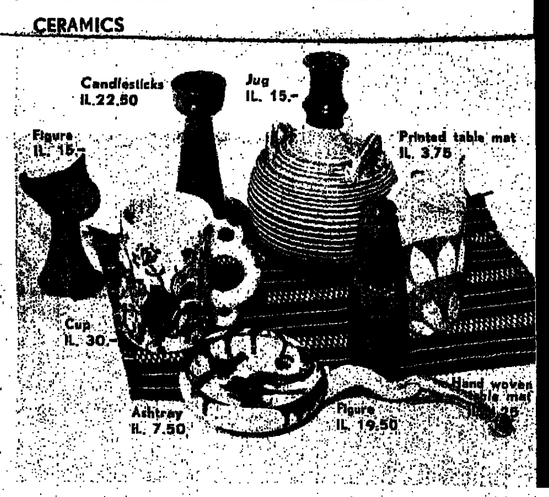

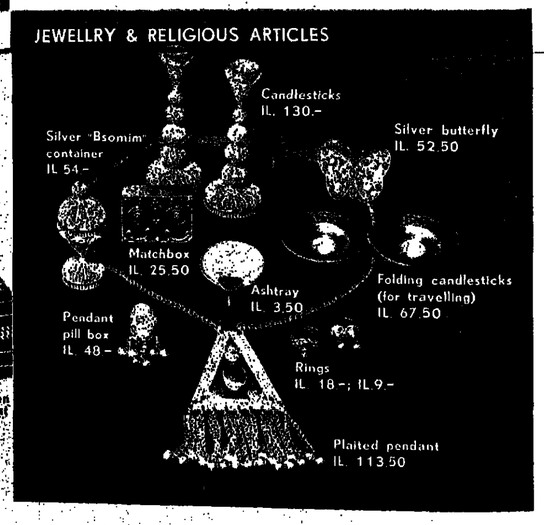

SHAVIAH LEVINSOHN AYRON

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Music for Israelis — whose tradition? or all of them?

A symposium at the Van Leer Foundation last week went far beyond finding out what the concert circuit should give to its public. Instead it dipped deep into problems that face our mixed society.

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT PAGES 13 - 20

By Yohanan Boehm
Jerusalem Post Music Editor

LAST week's music symposium in Jerusalem was organised to advise music management what to offer to the population of new immigrant centres, or settlements with predominantly oriental inhabitants; and to probe whether Western-oriented music was the right fare for people without any experience of it. Most of the speakers came out against imposition of this or that cultural tradition and against mixing programmes "a bit of this and a bit of that." All came out in favour of tolerance — to learn about the "other side," to try to understand and to appreciate other cultures, to make a start at giving up attaching a label to everything, which has a certain element of discriminatory derogation and evokes psychological resentment accordingly. Points made by the participants were:

• **Daniel Shalit — conductor, harpsichord-player, European background** — confessed complete confusion about what to do and what to give. His Western musical education did not answer the needs of the new society.

• **Dr. Amnon Shiloah — musicologist, Arabist, South American-born, of Syrian parentage, Sorbonne degree** — explained that "concert," the listening in an organised, public way, is a purely Western custom, while oriental enjoyment is based on different perceptions. Pleaded for co-existence of cultures.

• **Dr. Moshe Shoked — sociologist, European background** — reported on his research among new immigrants, stressing the family aspect of enjoyment, the intimate atmosphere and the direct participation. Indicated also a receptivity for foreign cultures with, maybe, a subconscious desire for "acculteration."

• **Avraham Amzaleg — Moroccan origin, flute player, composer, teacher** — would allow teaching of foreign music only after having taught everyone his native culture. Bemoaned neglect of own traditions among the communities; stressed "Music is not an international language."

Yitzhak Navon — of Sephardic origin, Jerusalem-born M.K., Dep. Speaker of the Knesset, collector, adaptor and writer of Sephardic folklore — pleaded for eradicating prejudices about background from both sides, gave some illuminating examples of ignorance of the "others" thoughts and deeds. With Jews from 102 countries, speaking 81 languages between them, building up the new Israel, what sort of people will we be he asked? He is all for encouragement and development of all traditions of all the communities. He would like to see our society Western-oriented in government and science, Jewish in tradition, culturally "free for all."

• **Prof. A Shuraki — Algiers-born, French-educated historian, former Deputy-Mayor of Jerusalem** — after giving the East a boost by mentioning that Oriental culture is so much older than Western, asked to educate the young first. He did not want us to take a stand either for West or East, but to take a middle road; expressed desire for universal humanism.

• **Ben-Zion Orgad — born in Germany (taking pains to stress his relation to Cheim on his mother's side), composer, supervisor of music education** — decried the fact that the only merger of people in Israel is in the age groups between 17 and 35, who agree — on a very low level — on a common "culture," completely foreign in origin and aspects.

* * *

STEERED efficiently by moderator Dr. Herzl Shmueli, the musicologist, an earnest exchange of opinions prevailed, expressing a common desire to find a solution to an apparently unsolvable situation. In the discussion, some more contributions were made:

• **Willy Elias — Iraqi-born, director of Israel Music Institute** — came out against creating "musical ghettoes" but could not offer anything constructive.

• **Sara Levi-Tanai — Yemenite origin, founder and director of "Inbal" Dance Theatre** — pleaded for integration from both sides simultaneously, and disclosed "the more I get to know my Yemenite songs, the more I understand Bach and Mozart!"

• **Avi Ostrovsky — kibbutz-born, conductor of the Haifa Symphony Orchestra** — asked about the youths in the streets of Tel Aviv and what is (not) being done about them; he suggested adding oriental programme to the concert circuit.

• **Yehoved Dostrovsky — Israeli-born, Director of the Rubin Academy, Jerusalem** — praised the organising committee's decision to hold the symposium in Jerusalem. To her, the concert circuit lies only at the end of the educational process. She thinks that the meeting met under the wrong heading and discussed the wrong subject: the Ministry of Education and Culture should have been on the carpet for its failure to teach music at school at an early age.

• **Ovadia Tuvia — Yemenite origin, composer, director of Music Teachers' Seminary in Tel Aviv, music director of "Inbal" and a former supervisor of school music education** — spoke vehemently against the composition of committees charged with dealing with cultural or educational problems. He pointed out that nobody on them represents the communities, so how can they find out what is good for the communities?

• The writer of this report raised the question of educating the age groups between 6 and 17, where integration is possible and necessary, and suggested making this the subject of the next symposium; this was accepted by the moderator.

* * *

THE question of traditions raises some very moot points: the same reservation some have against the "Ashkenazi" culture (that it is not Jewish but church-inspired) can be voiced against the oriental traditions (that they are Arabic). How much, if at all, purely Jewish elements have been preserved over the centuries of the dispersal? Is it really desirable or logical, to try to return to a vague musical culture of over 2,000 years ago when social and historical conditions were so different? As for acculturation — some 35 years ago, Bracha Tzefira, the Yemenite singer, influenced composers — Paul Ben-Haim, Marc Lavry, Menahem Avidom, Oedoen Partos, Alexander Uria Boscovich, among them — by making them listen to her singing undiluted oriental tunes and getting them sit down and write arrangements and compositions based on them. Undoubtedly, she played a historic role in creating the so-called "Mediterranean Style," a phase of the evolution in the development of an indigenous musical language. But — there was no further development of this style; some composers switched to other techniques and styles, others got stuck as in a blind alley. Today, this kind of music belongs more or less to history.

Israel might go the way of modern Japan, where the old and incredibly rich folklore and culture is preserved at a certain level, while professional music goes entirely the way of Western styles, schools and techniques, representing complete assimilation. Or we may do as in Yugoslavia, where every national entity preserves its inheritance, and one can hear Macedonian, Croatian, Slovenian, Bosnian and Herzogovinian folk-songs, recalling such different cultures as Greek, Austrian, Oriental. The evolution of an Israeli musical culture is inseparably linked to the creation of a new society, which may evolve a new type of Israeli altogether — or may preserve the divisions of the past, as undesirable as this may seem.

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M/V RED JACKET	7-10/8/71	11-13/8/71	14/8/71	26-27/8/71

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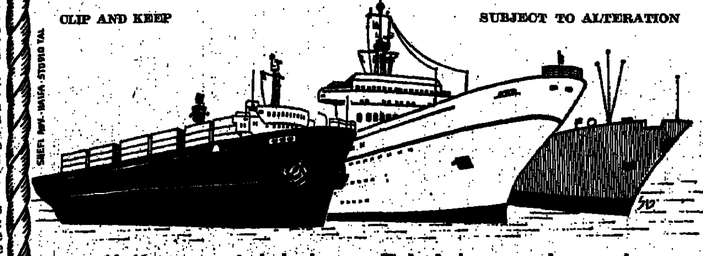
M/V MESSAPIA	20/7/71	21/7/71	24-25/7/71	—	—	27/7/71

CLIP AND KEEP SUBJECT TO ALTERATION



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NO WORK ON FRIDAYS

PERSONALLY, I suspect that there is some sort of secret agreement between the garage owners, the Israel Mafia, the overseas Mafia and the Jerusalem Foundation, under which the Municipality is called upon to dig those cunning traps in all the highways and byways of the Holy City. A cunning system of non-lighting of these holes ensures that every morning brings its tribute of broken springs, distributors, exhaust pipes, differentials, and shock absorbers to the garages, not *to mention* unimportant pedestrians to the hospitals: a secret five per cent commission to the Foundation will mean plenty of parks and play grounds for any survivors of the repairs, strikes and demonstrations.

The question of Sabbath observance does not arise, it seems, strangely enough, for Soviet Georgian Jews. Two of them, interviewed on "Hamavdil," were asked how they managed to observe the Shabbat *mitzvot* in a strange land. They looked puzzled, ruminated, and then said brightly: "Well, of course, in Russia everyone only works a five-day week." There was a time when the religious politicians were pressing for a similar institution in Israel, but they seem to have dropped this noble cause, more's the pity: I am sure they would get us out in our thousands if they demonstrated in favour of no work on Fridays. What is more, it would be a diabolical election slogan — what party would dare to oppose it in these hot days, obviously intended for sporting on the benches?

Straight politics certainly inspires little interest these days, when the upraised fist and thrown stone are replacing the voice as a method of debate. I for one found the long "Moked" about the future of Gahal rather boring, although this may have been because of my devotion to the Alignment. Now a debate about our leaders' internecine feuds has always been absorbingly interesting: who cares whether the Right Wingers marry or merely flirt with each other?

But I must say that I approved heartily of the new system of doing "Moked": instead of three ... with each other to put ... clever questions to one interviewee, we had one interviewer dealing with the people with opposing points of view. This is incomparably more interesting, and makes for considerable tension: the collective interview method may be good socialism, but provides dull viewing and listening.

Reverting for a moment to "Hamavdil," I must say that the girls doing those Georgian dances were gorgeous; Perhaps somebody can persuade them to take up telecasting? Our girls are doing their best, I suppose, but they still fall far short of meeting the Arab challenge.

* * *

THERE is good news for Jerusalemites cowering at home to avoid the demonstrators and tearer-uppers: they can at least enjoy television as Jordan has gone on to a marvellous summer schedule. A football match on Saturday, "The Name of a Game," "Hawaii 05," "Peyton Place" — if somebody in Amman reads this column, will he please send us a schedule of their new *programmes*, for me to print. Such a gesture would be a contribution towards peace. In fact, if Amman will undertake to put on all our favourite programmes which they used to have, like "The Avengers," "Arrest and Trial" and "The Virginian," I am prepared to start a movement to give them Nablus. We can have a television plan to match the Rogers plan and the Bergus plan: at that, it will probably be a darn sight better ...

Several readers have written to me accusing me of francophobia because of my objections to Maigret. Perhaps I should explain that I resent French foreign policy and France's betrayal of her friends, but my opposition to Maigret is based not on politics or culture, but purely on dislike for this dullest and most obtuse of detectives. Bring us Brigitte Bardot or Eddie Constantine, and I will bow in worship of the French calf, especially if it's Bardot.

* * *

THE documentary about prison life was a very grim one, very ably done. I have heard so much about our liberal reform policy in our penal institutions that it came as a distinct shock to see how horrifying life inside those walls can be. It certainly deterred me from taking up a life of crime, unless I can be accepted by one of the Mafias — they are apparently exempt from going to gaol.

* * *

THE songs from the 1939-1945 war must have set many an old heart aching nostalgically — are we really as old as all that? But I think that the censor should prohibit such programmes, instead of concentrating on doing the silly things he does, like trying to delay the *publication of news about Israel in Israel* till it has appeared in New York, London, Moscow, Cairo, Amman, Beirut, Halifax, Tokyo and Valparaiso. The effect of those pictures and songs of all those wars ago, despite Hanna Marron's efforts to make them inspiring, was to induce a very anti-war mood. All that misery in partnership with the Russians, to beat the Boche, the Ities and the Japs, and now they are such good guys, the Germans, the Italians and the Japanese, while it's the Ivans who have become the villains. It's poor propaganda for martial ardour.

* * *

HEDVA and Shlomik have left us, more the pity: I was pleased to see at least that they were taking back to the kibbutz far more goods than they brought out of it, plus a "private." Despite the critics, I trust that somebody is busy preparing "Hedva and Shlomik 1972." We're going to miss those kids.

ARE YOU HAPPY ?

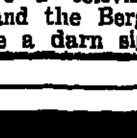
AN argument with a friend (on the poverty question — he was saying that often it is the men who are "weak" and reluctant to take jobs, while the ones who work are the women) kept me from much of Tommy Lapid's programme on "Women" last Friday (Second Channel, "An Hour Which is All Yours," produced by Amos Ettinger.).

I am glad I missed most of it, since the parts I heard were supremely fatuous. "Do you think an educated Israeli woman, about 30 years old, is, generally speaking, happy?" was the question put to a woman lawyer and mother. The question hardly bears answering, but we had ample proof that the lawyer and mother in question was polite. A rabbinical retort might have been in order: Is the educated Israeli man of about 30 happy? If so, why does he get so hysterical at the office? Perhaps it is difficult for him to combine marriage with a career? Why is he so touchy about his masculinity? And about those first signs of baldness?

Tommy Lapid's generalities made one wonder about the benefits of education and or cosmopolitanism, or of editing a slick magazine for women, for that matter. "All women like Tom Collinses" (a sweet mixed drink) he assured us. Not true; nor is the implied opposite correct: that no men do. Or does he mean that "masculine" women don't and "feminine" men do? Perhaps the thought is cute, but it is also ridiculous. Ernest Hemingway "chugged" Tom Collinses while shooting iguanas, according to a recent book review in *The Post*: ah! but look at his mixed-up sex life!

Then we had some "feminine" music (Debussy, Clair de Lune), and then Tommy read us a love poem in his native Hungarian (which sounded to me like a madly feminine language, if we're going to play that game) and then Ester Ofarim turned out a stupefyingly sentimental rendition (or was it a feminine put-on?) of that song about the girl who's leaving home/ (The Beatles,' if I'm not mistaken — those four boys who ended up with such "gentle" lyrics.)

* * *



On the Radio

by Helga Dudman

THE main criterion for judging radio programmes has become "Is it good for you while you are driving a car?" Since I fail to apply this standard and instead often listen to the radio while I am listening to the radio, my comments may not be very representative.

"All Beginnings are Difficult" (repeat broadcast, Saturday afternoon, Second Channel, produced by Dalit Ormian and Yoel Rekem, presented by Shmuel Shai) thus struck me as quite idiotic; but then, I was in no position to liven up the programme by passing on a curve. This is a radio game in which a panel of wits (Amnon Ahi-Neomi, Shaul Biber, Meir Harnik, and Naftali Librecht) dazzle us with their impromptu (but not really) humorous definitions. The select *studio audience* — wives and children of the panel, one assumes — are often very appreciative. Perhaps it wasn't really done in a studio at all, and the programme was taped while the whole gang was in a bus, trapped somewhere in the traffic?

I switched off, before the end, and over to the First Channel's "Composers Suggest," produced by Haim Alexander. Imagine! Wagner! Schoenberg! Richard Strauss! The programme has more wittiness than the competition over on the commercial channel, but even more exciting-ly, I wondered what policy changes had been wrought by the Broadcasting Authorities while my back was turned.

Nothing like it. The explanation in the press a day later was that it had all been a mistake. (Schoenberg is in this company for different reasons; he is permitted on the radio, and questioned only at the Philharmonic.)

THE pitfalls of compromise are apparent in the daily noon magazine, "Hatsi Hayom" (Second Channel), which I nevertheless try not to miss. The basic content — news features — is generally considered excellent, by drivers as well as dishwashers. But to pad things out, you also get a lot of pop songs (often keyed to the news story just before). Probably some people have equal capacities for pop and news, while others prefer one or the other; so I suppose this compromise is one of life's better ones.

Then there are the advertisements. The point on this for today is that nobody can possibly be listening to the message of the ads since, according to my last survey, nobody is paying any attention to the lyrics of the songs. Most of these are in English, against which I unfortunately have no language barrier.

Still, it was with growing disbelief that I wrote down some recent words, and my question is: are other listeners absorbing their message? Would mental recall of the commercial messages be broader? Are young people enjoying it all?

* * *

GIDON Samet announced on Monday evening that this was his last "Studio 2" programme (Army Channel) and I will miss him. His final guest was Uzi Peled, of the Institute of Applied Social Research, and the ultimate interview was on the subject of "Whither Radio" — where does it stand today in view of television.

Mr. Peled believes that the initial TV excitement which gripped the land before we really had TV has calmed down, and that viewers are now a little more "rational," i.e. selective. As compared to radio, TV makes the viewer totally passive. "What could be more passive than sinking down in a chair in front of the 'idiot box'?" he asked. Radio (which lets you drive a car) continues to do certain things which TV cannot — "music, and almost instant news coverage." Both radio and TV, said Mr. Peled, have had their impact on our newspapers, whose function has now been changed to concentrate more on news analysis and commentary instead of straight coverage.

One view of a basic difference between TV and radio, which I heard from Mr. Samet's boss, Yitzhak Livneh, Director of the Army Channel, makes great sense to me. According to this, radio will always be able to afford the luxury of "good," less popular programmes, simply because it is a "cheaper" medium. TV programmes are expensive to produce: therefore, a "prime time" programme must be geared to attract the biggest possible audience, since it would be foolish to spend all that time, money, *make-up experts, and so on*, on something to which only an eccentric few will tune in.

Therefore, on radio's comparatively large number of channels it will always be easier to find something to appeal to a broad range of tastes.

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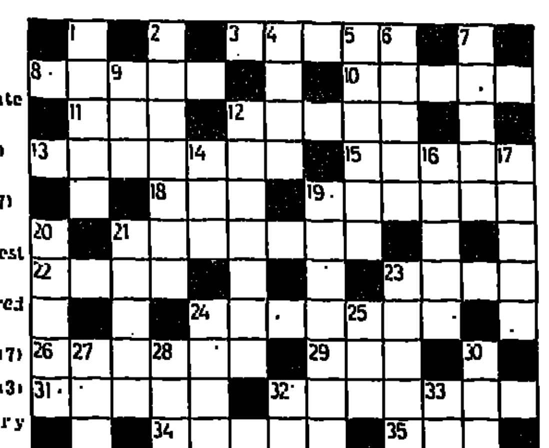
TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.



EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS

3 Beguile (5)
8 Suave (5)
10 Available (3, 3)
11 Poem (3)
12 Directorate (5)
13 Wore flashily (7)
15 Army centre (5)
18 Metal (3)
19 More orderly (6)
21 Matured (7)
22 Malay boat (4)
23 Sparse (4)
24 Past events (7)
26 Apple (6)
29 Displeasure (3)
31 Put down for (5)
32 Boxed in (7)
34 Amid (5)
35 Press for payment (3)
36 Non - uniform (6)
37 Whine (5)
38 Supports (5)

DOWN

1 Run off (5)
2 Inactivity (7)
4 Emotional state (4)
5 Squalid (6)
6 Done with (5)
7 Boat (5)
9 Fuss (3)
12 Advantage (7)
14 Dump (3)
16 Forcible (5)
17 Luggage chest (5)
19 Trying (7)
20 Not required (5)
21 Perch (6)
23 Foot - lever (7)
24 Ascetic (6)
25 Sea monster (3)
27 Excessive (5)
28 Parliamentary places (6)
30 Punishing (5)
32 Covetousness (4)
33 Proceed against (3)

Wednesday's Easy Solution

ACROSS.—1, Late. 4, Pastor. 8, Dam. 10, Sent. 13, Last word. 14, Pathway. 15, Parcel. 17, Selfishly. 21, Rot. 22, Hue. 23, Spa. 26, Cataclysm. 27, Ransom. 28, Avenged. 32, Particle. 34, Kiwi. 35, Led. 36, Reward. 37, Stye.

DOWN.—1, Lisp. 2, Tint. 3, Gala. 5, Astray. 6, Too. 7, Riddle. 9, May. 11, Eager. 12, Theft. 15, Plea. 16, Copy. 18, Loin. 19, Sham. 20, Hut. 23, Slink. 24, Askew. 25, Draper. 26, Cosier. 28, All. 29, Veer. 30, Gist. 31, Dive. 33, Raw.

Wednesday's Cryptic Solution

ACROSS.—1, Make. 4, P-roper. 8, Had. 10, Salt. 13, Moh-icans. 14, Snowmen. 15, K-it-ten. 17, Raise Cain(cane). 21, S-O-L. 22, Ode. 23, Una. 26, Violinist. 27, Teasel. 28, (Mrs.) Bloomer. 32, Brasilia. 34, Nine. 35, Box. 36, Soldier. 37, Sees.

DOWN.—1, Miss. 2, Kilo. 3, Game. 5, Raisin. 6, Pea. 7, Resent. 9, D-on. 11, Annas. 12, Twist. 15, Kiel. 16, Toni. 18, Iona. 19, Coil. 20, (tern) Ado. 23, Union. 24, Ash-en. 25, Stubbs. 26, *VE-Nice*. 28, *Bib*. 29, Laos. 30, Mice (and men). 31, Reds. 33, Awl.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON WEDNESDAY

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS

3 Quiet time for Charles? (5)
8 Not brown ale (5)
10 Nothing in a maxi, perhaps, that's the truth (5)
11 Black salt? (3)
12 Play a medico and a mother (5)
13 May be topical in Washington (7)
15 Dog star or planet (5)
18 People from Buckingham Palace! (3)
19 Will Scotch added make it sweet? (6)
21 Cancels the rule about ballringing (7)
22 Battle that reduced Oslo to ruins? (4)
23 Some livestock? Fancy wearing that! (4)
24 He holds a ball (7)
26 Dangerous cocktail ingredient (6)
29 One of two in there somewhere (3)
31 Peg-legged educational assistant (5)
32 You must have been bad to feel it (7)
34 Where Mary pledges her heart to a junior officer (5)
35 Being short of water is nothing (3)
36 Opera reduced to scale (5)
37 Timber brace (5)
38 A pronouncedly rural companion (5)

DOWN

1 He's big enough to administer a thrashing after half-time (5)
2 Confused shrieks from birds (7)
4 VIP listener starting a lecture (4)
5 Educational grounds (6)
6 Once a subaltern, now put up in rank (5)
7 Sounds like a number on the piano (5)
9 Singapore's space centre (3)
12 Finished up a convict in Ireland (7)
14 Cash deposit? (3)
16 Circulate abroad (5)
17 Speak of a round payment? (5)
19 Marshal who didn't have a club formed for *him* (7)
20 An inclination to buzz off? (5)
21 Some are on tap in the garden (5)
23 Drug a fellow found in meat? (7)
24 Grab round the neck? (6)
25 Half-cough the minister gives (3)
27 Continue to scoff, Shirley (5)
28 Respond to a demand for an encore? (5)
30 Broken stile in the water (5)
32 Strongly criticise such fare increases? (4)
33 Raised from birth in a cage (3)

TV TV TV TV TV

FRIDAY

3.30 Rhythmgame. 3.30 Good Evening — with Rivka Raz and Yossi Levi. 8.50 Weekly Magazine (1st edition). 9.30 Inspector Maigret. 10.50 News. ARABIC: 6.30 News. 6.45 Full-length feature film. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.00 The Magic Garden. 4.16 "The Golden Ax" (a Japanese legend). 4.28 Line to line: the sketch. 4.38 Sing a Song.

SATURDAY

6.00 Cartoons. 7.35 Hamavdil. 7.55 Weekly Magazine (2nd edition). 8.35 Ironside. 9.25 Mabat Sport. 10.00 News. ARABIC: 6.30 Song and Music. 7.00 News. 7.15 Forum.

SUNDAY

6.00 The Pogols. 6.12 Sport for Youth. 7.30 Bewitched. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 The Storefront Lawyers: Bessie Gray. 9.55 News. 10.00 Service Broadcast by the Ministry of Transport: Quiz No. 2. ARABIC: 6.30 Sami and Sussu. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 5 — The Postman. 4.42 Page from a Book. 4.51 Face to Face with Rabbi Mordechai Broyer. 5.11 Geometry 6. 5.30 Chess for Beginners: Lesson 2.

MONDAY

6.00 Lassie. 6.25 Children's stories. 7.30 "Les Contes de Guy de Maupassant". 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Nahum Nardi's Songs — with Shoshana Damari, Rivka Raz, Edna Lev, Mike Burstein, Shlomo Artzi, Dani Messing, Rafi Leon and Orchestra conducted by Shimon Cohen. 9.00 "Screen" — monthly magazine on movies. 9.55 News. ARABIC: 6.30 On science, technology and medicine. 6.45 Messages to relatives and friends. 7.00 News. 7.15 Sport. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 6 — The Pottery Shop. 4.49 English 7 — Let's Play a Game. 5.09 film. 5.25 Who has the solution? 5.41 Au Secours.

TUESDAY

6.00 Youth Magazine. 7.30 Family Affair. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Document: "Altneueland 71". 8.50 Love songs by Bialik presented by Lior Yeni, Shuli Nathan, the "Parvarim" and Amira Palgi. 9.05 The Saint. 9.55 News. 10.00 Service Broadcast by the Ministry of Labour. ARABIC: 6.30 For the Family. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 5 — The Postman. 4.42 Bialik's "Vayehi Hayom". 4.51 The Magic Garden. 5.05 Life in the Sea. 5.25 Quiz.

WEDNESDAY

6.00 Children's Programme. 7.30 The 21st Century. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Morasha. 8.35 "Muraadi Malaiaga" — full-length feature film (French). 9.55 News. ARABIC: 6.30 Quiz. 7.00 News. 7.15 The Israeli Arabs. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 6 — The Pottery Shop. 4.49 Science 6. 5.10 English 7 — Let's Play a Game.

THURSDAY

6.00 Headlines and Margins. 7.30 The Black Tulip (part 3). 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 "... or not to be" — the struggle for survival of the independent small theatre. 8.50 The Entertainment Broadcasting Service. 9.40 The Air Force Display. 10.40 News. ARABIC: 6.30 The Story of an Experimental Pilot. 6.55 Circus. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 9 — Robbery at Midnight. 4.46 Geometry 9. 5.01 The State of Israel — Special Programme. 5.22 The Search for Freedom (film). 5.40 Le Ski.

BRIDGE

By George Levinrew

Do you play the weak 2 ?

I WAS kibitzing when the part score deal below was played in a Jerusalem rubber bridge game. It has points of interest in both bidding and play.

S Dlr.
Love all

North
♠ A Q J 10
♡ 7
◇ 6 4 2
♣ K 8 6 3 2

West
♠ 8 4 3 2
♡ Q 8 6
◇ A J 7 3
♣ A 9

East
♠ 9 7 6
♡ J 10 5
◇ K Q 5
♣ J 10 7 4

South
♠ K 5
♡ A K 9 4 3 2
◇ 10 9 8
♣ Q 5

The actual bidding was 1♡ by South, a response of 1♠ by North, and a rebid of 2♡ by South. North was reluctant to pass and bid 3♣. All South could do was to bid 3♡ which bought the contract. West naturally led the unbid suit, playing a low ◇ away from the Ace. East won with the K and returned the ◇Q. West overtook, played the ♣A, and won another ◇ with the J. He now made a very pretty play. He led the 13th ◇. East uppercut with the ♡10 which declarer won, but because of the upper-cut South had to lose two ♡ tricks for a set of two tricks.

The problem of the opening bid deserves attention. What happened as described above would not be considered unusual for this deal. It is so easy to go overboard like North-South. I believe that the South hand is well nigh perfect for an opening weak bid of 2♡. North would not dare bid and at worst the contract would be set for only one trick. But suppose a ♠ were led — fairly normal under the circumstances. South could then discard a losing ◇ on spades, and hearts could be pulled with a loss of only one trick in trump, making in all nine tricks.

We would welcome comments from the readers pro and con with illustrative hands on the weak-2 bid.

ON THE AIR

FIRST PROGRAMME
256, 340.5 and 221 M.

NEWS: — Today: 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, and 12.00 a.m.; 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m.

SECOND PROGRAMME
457 and 423 M.

NEWS: — Today: 6.05, 7.00, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 a.m. 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 7.06, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a.m. 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 and 1.00 a.m.

FIRST PROGRAMME
Today

1.58 p.m. Opening. 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 Shabbat Songs. 3.20 "Kabbalat Shabbat." 4.04 Language Corner. 4.30 "Choirs" — The "Dud" Choir. 5.06 Classical Request Programme: Dvorak: "My Home" Overture op. 62 (Conductor: Alois Klima); Wieniawsky: Violin Concerto No. 2 in D minor op. 22 (Soloist: Isaac Stern; Conductor: Eugene Ormandy); Prokofiev: Scythian Suite op. 20 (Conductor: Leonard Bernstein). 6.10 "What will be heard?" — a preview on next week's music programmes — produced by *Alexandra Melamed*. 6.30 Literary Magazine. 7.07 "The Weekly Column." 8.10 Images, Pages and Songs for Shabbat. 8.30 Friday Evening Concert — (Stereo) produced by Alexandra Melamed — C.P.E. Bach: Sinfonia in C-major (The English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Raymond Leppard); Berlioz: "Nuits d'Ete" — Song Cycle (Janet Baker — Mezzo-Soprano; The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli); Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 in C-minor op. 67 (The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez). 10.05 "What Do you Say" — ed. by *A. Ahi-Naomi. 11.05 "Nocturno" — Schu*bert (repeat). 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow

7.58 a.m. Opening. 8.03 Programme Announcements. 8.15 Morning Concert: Corelli: Suite for Strings from opus 5 (Conductor: Eugene Ormandy); Bach: Triple Concerto in A-minor (Yehudi Me*nuhin — Violin, William Bennett* — Flute and George Malcolm — Harpsichord); Stravinsky: Eight Instrumental Miniatures *for Fifteen* Players (Conductor: The Composer). 8.55 A. Alon — Talk. 9.05 World of Science. 9.35 Musical Quiz arranged by Avi Hanani. 10.05 The Weekly Diary. 10.52 Hebrew Songs. 11.03 "Curtain Up." 12.05 The Month's Interview. 1.05 Concert — Mozart: Oboe Concerto in C., K. 314 (Soloist: Pierre Pierlot, and the Vienna Baroque Ensemble conducted by Theodore Gushlbauer); Schumann: Symphony No. 3 in E-flat op. 97 "Rhenish" (The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by *George Solti). 2.10 Close Down.*

5.06 p.m. "A Handful of Tunes" — Composers suggest... Haim Alexander. 6.10 "Anecdote" — Little Tales on Great Musicians. 6.30 Middle East Magazine. 7.07. Songs in Yiddish. 7.50 Bible Reading. Tehilim, chaps. 141 and 142. 8.10 The Weekly Magazine. 8.50 "Hamavdil." 9.20 Portrait in Sound" — Louis Armstrong, a programme on the occasion of his 71st Birthday. 10.05 "Radio-story." 10.35 Recital — Talma Fogel-Cohen, Piano — Zvi Avni: Sonata; Bartok: Six Dances in Bulgarian Rhythm from "Mikrokosmus." 11.05 "Music in a Breeze." 12.05 Close Down.

SECOND PROGRAMME
Today

6.00 a.m. Religious Service. 6.10 Exercises. 6.30 Musical Clock. 6.55 Programme Announcements. 7.05 Press Review. 7.15 Hebrew Songs. 7.55 "Green Light." 8.10 "Good Morning." 8.55 "From A to Z." 9.05 "Good Morning" (cont.). 9.48 The Small Ad. Corner. 10.05 Housewife's Corner. 12.07 Programme for the Worker and the Employer. 12.30 "At Midday" — News and Music. 2.10 Where to Go and Light Music. 2.35 Week-end — ed. by D. Guttman, presented by Yossi Banai. 4.05 "Radio-teens." 4.30 "Who's Afraid of Classical Music." 5.05 Public Performances — Bible Song Festival. 6.59 Close Down.

9.05 p.m. Shabbat Shalom — story, song and proverb. 10.04 "Musical." 11.05 "My Taste". 12.05 Night Music. 1.05 a.m. Close Down.

Tomorrow

6.58 a.m. Opening. 7.00 Religious Services. 7.16 Hebrew Songs. 7.35 Announcements. 7.40 Hebrew Songs (cont.). 7.55 Today's Programmes. 8.07 Songs and Melodies for Everybody. 10.05 "Classic and Light." 11.03 The Bible Songs — by Itzik Manger. 12.05 "A Musical." *1.05 Stage and Screen. 1.40* Cantorial Programme. 2.10 Where to Go and Light Music. 2.35 Popular and Liked. 5.04 "such a Language" — in a garage. 5.52 Reminiscences from Eretz Yisrael. 6.05 "I am a New Immigrant." 6.25 Sport. 6.45 Hebrew Songs. 6.59 Close Down.

9.05 p.m. Our Songs. 9.30 Jazz Corner. 10.05 "Radio-Tek" — with Yoram Arbel. 12.05 Night Music. 1.05 a.m. Close Down.

FOURTH PROGRAMME
443, 407 and 191 M.

Today and Tomorrow: News in English: 7.00 a.m., 1.30 and 8.30 p.m. News in French: 7.15 a.m., 2.00 and 8.45 p.m. Arabic Programme: 5.58-7.00 a.m. 7.30-9.00 a.m.; 10.58 a.m.-1.30 p.m.; 2.30-8.30 p.m.; 9.00 p.m.-12.15 a.m.

ENGLISH PROGRAMME
(407, 792, 419 and 19 M.; 737, 1025, 677, 7180 kHz)

7.00 a.m. News and Israel Press Review. 1.30 p.m. Jerusalem Calling — News and Sound Pictures of Life in Israel. 8.30 Newsdesk — News and *Newsreel.*

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR

Today: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew; Song, Story and Legend. 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Russian. 9.00 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew; Art and Culture. 7.30 Yiddish 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Hungarian. 9.00 Close Down.

ARMY PROGRAMME
216, 225 and 335 M.

Today: 11.00 a.m. Requests Programme. *11.15 From the Foreign Hit Parade.* 11.30 Lunchtime Guest. 12.00 News. 12.05 Requests (cont.). 12.30 The Jewish Point — with Hanna Zemer. 12.35 Requests (cont.). 1.00 News. 1.05 Hebrew Songs — Requests. 1.30 Sports Corner. 1.35 Requests (cont.). 1.55 Announcements for Soldiers. 2.00 News. 2.05 Personal Announcements. 2.10 Close Down.

2.57 p.m. Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 Reading the "Haftara" 3.07 "Old and Good." 4.00 News. 4.05 Requests from Soldiers. 5.00 News. 5.05 The Third Hebrew Hit Parade. 6.00 News. 6.05 This week in Zahal — weekly magazine. 6.45 Tradition. 7.00 News. 7.10 Ram *Evron's Weekly Magazine. 8.00 News.* 8.10 With Miriam Gavriel. 9.00 News. 9.05 Shmuel Shai's Magazine. 10.00 News. 10.05 My Hit Parade with Yitzhak Graziani. 11.00 News. 11.05 With Uri Zohar. 12.00 News. 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 11.00 a.m. Opening. 11.03 A Birthday Party for Dvora Haykin. 12.00 News. 12.05 Thirty Plus. 1.00 News. 1.05 Personal Questions. 2.00 News. 2.10 Close Down.

2.57 Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 Songs and Tid-bits. 4.00 News. 4.05 Strong Number — "Payis" game. 5.00 News. 5.05 Radio Stage. 6.00 News. 6.05 An Hour with Tuvia Zaffir. 6.45 Anywere". 7.00 News. 7.05 Friends Talk on the Jewish Brigade. 8.00 News. 8.05 With One Singer. 9.00 News. 9.05 Tradition. 9.30 Music from films and musical shows. 10.00 News. 10.05 Direct Dialling. 11.00 News, 11.05 Direct Dialling (cont.). 11.45 Bedtime Story. 12.00 News. 12.05 Close Down.

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ISRAELI SONGS
Hebrew with English Transliteration
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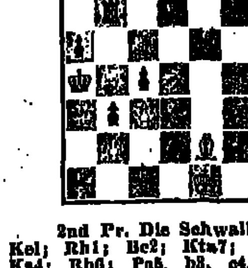
JERUSALEM CALLING
292, 407 and 443 Metres
(677, 727 and 1025 kHz.)
1.30-2 p.m.
English Programme

CHESS

Problem No. 2247
July 9, 1971
D. KUTZBORSKI, West Germany



2nd Pr. Die Schwalbe, 1968
Ke1; Rh1; Bc2; Kta7; Pb2, d3. (6)
Ka4; Rb6; Pa5, b3, c4, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7. (10)
White mates in three. (3x)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 2246 (Bouma): 1.f7 thr. 2.f8Kt! 1.-Qa8 2.Ktc5+ Q:c5 3.Ktg5+; 1.-Rf5 2.Ktg5+ Q:g5 3.Kte5+; 1.-Qf1 2.Ktf4+ Q:f4 3.Kte7+; 1.-Bd6 2.Kte7+ Q:e7 3.Ktf4+.

NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

In the central match of the penultimate round Tel Aviv defeated the Tel Aviv Lasker club by 2½-1½ with two games adjourned. The overall standings in the First Division: T.A. ASA 32(2), T.A. Lasker 28(2), Bat Yam Hapoel 26½(1), Rishon Lezion Feldklein 26½, Technion ASA 25, Jerusalem Hapoel 21, Jerusalem Rubinstein 20½(1), Haifa Hapoel 20½, Haifa Herzliya 18½(1), Haifa Lasker 17½(1). Emek Hefer/Netanya Hapoel kept its lead in the Second Division, North, with 32 points, beating Petah Tikva by 4½-1½. In the Second Division, South, Ramat Gan made sure of its first place beating Jerusalem ASA by 4-2. The leading team has now 34 points — 7 points ahead of its nearest rival.

RESHEVSKY AT HIS BEST

Reshevsky's victory over Kavalek in the sixth round of the Netanya Grandmaster's tournament was one of the best games in the event. Taking advantage of Kavalek's slight error in the opening, the U.S. Champion plays a brilliant game to score a well-deserved victory.

King's Indian Defence
S. RESHEVSKY L. KAVALEK

1.d4 Ktf6 2.c4 g6 3.Ktc3 Bg7 4.e4 d6 5.Be2 0-0 6.Ktf3 e5 7.Be3 Re8? 8.d5 Ktg4 9.Bg5 f6 10.Bh4 h5 11.Ktd2 Kth6 12.f3 Ktd7 13.0-0 Ktf7 14.b4 Bh6 15.Ktb3 c5 16.d:c b:c 17.b5 Bb7 18.a4 a5 19.Qd3 c5 20.Ktd5 Ktg5 21.B:g5 f:g 22.Rad1 Bf8 23.Qe3 B:d5 24.c:d Bc7 25.Qc3 Qb6 26.Kb1 Qa7 27.b6! Q:b6 28.Bb5 Red8 29.Rb1 Ktf6 30.Ktd2 Qc7 31.Ktc4 Rdf8 32.Bc6 Ra7 33.Rb5 Bd8 34.Rfb1 Ktc8 35.Rb7 R:b7 36.R:b7 Qc8 37.Qb3 Be7 38.Ra7 Bb8 39.Bd7 Qd8 40.Be6+ Kh8 41.Bd7 Qf6 43.Q:b8 Qf4 43.Qb2 Ktf6 44.R:d8. Black resigns.

INITIATIVE IN THE MIDDLE GAME

Kavalek's initiative in the following seventh round game nets him a piece just as he is about to launch his attack.

Ruy Lopez
L. KAVALEK A. BISGUIER

1.e4 Ktc6 2.Ktf3 e6 3.Bb5 a6 4.Ba4 Ktf6 5.0-0 b5 6.Bb3 Be7 7.Re1 d6 8.c3 0-0 9.h3 Kta5 10.Bc2 c5 11.d4 Qc7 12.Ktbd2 Re8 13.Ktf1 Bd7 14.b3 c:d 15.c:d Rac8 16.Kte3 Bf8 17.Re2 c:d 18.Kt:d4 g6 19.Bb2 Bg7 20.Qe1 Ktc6 21.Bd1 Kt:d4 22.B:d4 Be6 23f4 Qd7 24.g4 Rd7? 25.e5 d:e 26.f:e Kt:g4 27.Kt:g4 h5 28.Ktf2 Bc8 29.Be4 Qh4 30.Kg2 Qg5+ 31.Kf1 Qg3 32.Rd3 Qh2 33.Rc3 B:e4 34.R:e4 Bh6 35.Be3 B:e3 36.Q:e3 R:c3 37.Q:c3 Rd8 38.e6 f5 39.e7 Re8 40.Qf6 Qg3 41.Re3! Black resigns.

STUDENTS' OLYMPICS. The Israel Students' selected taking part in the 18th Students' Olympics now taking place in Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, consists of Y. Bleiman, A. *Balshan*, I. Gelfer, A. Koski, A. Kaldor, A. Neumann, with Y. Stepak as the non-playing Captain.

ELIAHU SHAHAF

REMINISCENCES IN THE RUHR

by Mendel Kohansky

RECKINGHAUSEN, West Germany. — JOSEF Szajna is a Pole, a painter, sculptor and theatre director, now in his fifties, who was in 1941 hauled off to the Auschwitz extermination camp together with 24 other artists, including his revered professor at the Cracow Academy, Ludwik Puget. Szajna was the only one to survive, and after the war, in the conviction that "after Auschwitz one can no longer paint flowers," created Reminiscences, as a memorial to his dead professor and colleagues. It was first exhibited in Cracow where it was seen by Hans Grochowiak, the director of the Recklinghausen art museum. He brought it to Recklinghausen for an exhibition, then persuaded the city officials to acquire it.

Josef Szajna and his reminiscences.

Reminiscences is now the central object in an art exhibition which is part of the Ruhrfestspiele, a festival organized by the trade unions for the Ruhr workers. It is exhibited in a large hall off the main lobby of the town's massive, ungainly theatre building. I saw it during the intermission in a theatre performance. A number of people sauntered in evidently by accident, for they quickly withdrew after one look; others came in purposely and walked around in silence. I saw one man talking in whispers to a teenaged boy, evidently explaining to his son what Reminiscences was all about.

It is a purposely ugly piece of art consisting of hundreds of objects spread over the room. Dominating Reminiscences are enlargements of a photograph of an oldish man wearing the striped shirt of a concentration camp inmate. The immensely dignified, gaunt face stares at you wherever you walk, and so do smaller photographs of younger men in similar garb. One wall is covered by an enlargement of a page from a ledger, a long list of names in a neat hand. Next to each name is a number and the designation "Pole" or "Jude". Some of the names are crossed off. One walks around like in a miniature concentration camp, careful not to step on the bleeding papier maché body of a woman lying on the floor, as accusing faces look on from everywhere, including empty easels, each with a photograph of a young man pinned to it.

* * *

RECKLINGHAUSEN is an industrial and mining town, a short train ride from Essen of Krupp fame. The annual festival of the arts got its start here 25 years ago when Germany lay in ruins, and the people were shivering with cold in a severe winter. The coal miners of Recklinghausen, I was told by the director of the Festspiele, a humorless official with a bristling crew cut, made an arrangement with theatre groups whereby performances were exchanged for coal which was then the country's most precious commodity. A huge block of coal is displayed at the entrance to the theatre to commemorate the origin of the Festspiele.

In the 20 years of its existence the festival managed to accumulate an impressive record of theatre and concert performances as well as art exhibitions. One of the latter was the 1960 Synagoga, an exhibition of Jewish religious art brought from all over the world, as the museum director was quick to inform me when he heard that I came from Israel. He presented me with a thick volume, the programme of Synagoga, containing photographs of many items received on loan from museums in Israel.

On my first evening in town, at the performance of Flint, an indifferent comedy by Britain's David Mercer played by Berlin's famous Schiller Theatre, I saw a capacity crowd of awkwardly well-dressed, self-consciously well behaved middle aged men and women, their squat bodies and heavy gait testifying to the life of hard physical labour; 60 per cent of all the tickets are sold to members of trade unions, I was told, at the subsidized price of DM6, about two-thirds of the regular price. They come from all over the Ruhr in chartered busses, stay overnight to see another performance and take in the exhibitions, or go back the same evening (theatre in Germany starts and ends early in the evening). There are also some visiting groups from foreign lands, from Holland and Belgium which are very close, and also from Russia, Yugoslavia and Poland which are both geographically and otherwise distant.

Each year the Festspiele are publicized throughout the Ruhr by the usual means and also by playlets performed in plants and mines in which the importance of the theatre for the working people is explained. The repertory is tailored to the taste, or to what the management of the Festspiele thinks is the taste, of the workers. "We found out that workers, graduates of grammar schools, are unable to understand theatrical metaphor" the artistic director of the festival told me, and therefore plays such as Beckett's Waiting for Godot are excluded. He recalled hearing a member of the audience remark after a performance of Duerrenmatt's Meteor, an allegorical play about a famous writer cursed with eternal life: "Those rich people; I should have their worries." As a result, they pick plays for what the artistic director called "naive" people.

One of those plays performed at the 1971 Festspiele is Brecht's Saint Joan of the Stockyards, a piece of political propaganda about the starving workers of the Chicago stockyards fighting their heartless employers. It is a brilliant production by Heinrich Koch, one of Germany's leading directors, acted in a stunning set all built out of millions of shiny tin cans (the locale is, of course, the meat packing plants), with excellent performances by a cast which in mass scenes seemed to number hundreds.

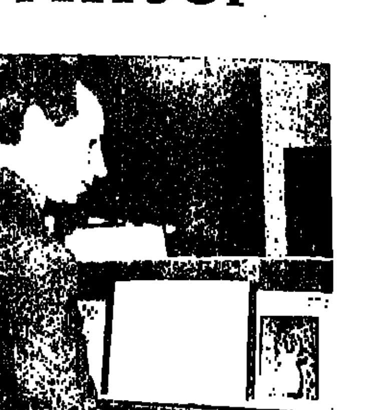
One of the most impressive scenes in the play shows the shabby, starved workers locked out of the slaughterhouse, shivering in their rags in a heavy snowstorm. Brecht wrote his play in 1929, ostensibly about Chicago which he knew only from Upton Sinclair's **The Jungle**, but in fact about Germany with its millions of unemployed, who could easily identify with the Chicago workers, as Brecht wanted them to, his theatre theory demanding that a play have a direct didactic, political effect.

There was something unintentionally comical about the performance in Recklinghausen, about forty years after the play was written. Saint Joan was seen here by an audience of working people of a standard of living Brecht could not have dreamt of, well housed, well fed (even in the theatre where platters heaped with cold meats were devoured standing up during the intermission), an audience which could no more identify with their starving Chicago comrades than with a tribe of aborigines in the Amazon Valley. Brecht wanted his audience to leave the theatre bursting with hatred for the capitalist exploiters, determined to change by revolution the desperate conditions under which they lived. The crowd which filed out of the DM22m. municipal theatre in an orderly fashion, stepping into waiting buses or into their own cars, would have sorely disappointed the author.

A view of the reminiscences exhibition.

Gutenberg Prize to Jerusalem Master Printer

HENRI Friedlaender, Jerusalem typographer, book designer and until last year principal of the Hadassah School of Printing in Jerusalem, was awarded the Gutenberg Prize on June 21, 1971 in a ceremony attended by an international public, including some of the world's typographic artists.



HENRI FRIEDLAENDER

The prize is awarded every three years by the Gutenberg Society and the Municipality of Mainz, owners of the Gutenberg Museum, on the "name-day" (Johannistag) of Johannes Gutenberg, on the recommendation of a committee representing typographers of the whole world. It is the most prestigious award in printing, and carries a *cash* prize of DM20,000. The previous recipient was Italian book designer Giovanni Mardersteig of Verona, who created some of the most beautiful and significant bibliophile books of the last half-century.

Professor Ovinek of Amsterdam (adviser to the Amsterdam Type *Foundry, which cut and cast* Friedlaender's Hadassah type) delivered the *laudatio* (festive oration at the ceremony). He stressed the fact that Friedlaender is essentially a designer of everyday, simple printed matter, from letterheads and book-jackets to books and pamphlets aimed at the common reader, the student of printing and the hurried, nervous reader of today, who rarely has time for leisurely reading.

בראשית ברא אלקים את השמים ואת הארץ: והארץ הי
בראשית ברא אלקים את השמים ואת הארץ
בראשית ברא אלקים את השמים ואת ד
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Friedlaender's "Hadassah" type.

Friedlaender's attitude, anchored in 50 years of applied craftsmanship, is based on the idea of service to the reader; aesthetic considerations are secondary and the perfect form appears as a function of readability, clear and logical division of type, page, white space and illustration. This basically modest approach to his art and craft made him an ideal teacher and educator, and hundreds of graduates of the Jerusalem Printing School bear witness to his success in this field. Graduates of the Brandeis Centre Printing School are today working in almost all better printing presses in Israel, right up to the top echelons, and carry Friedlaender's approach and teaching into every aspect of Israeli printing.

אותיות
הדסה
מעץ

"Hadassah" wood-type.

Friedlaender's H e b r e w type "Hadassah," first cast for hand composition in 1958, and available as Intertype matrices since last year, is one of Friedlaender's main achievements. It is already widely used for jobbing work and advertisements, but only beginning to make its impact on book printing since it has been available for machine composition. Among books printed in Hadassah type are the second and third volume of the report on the excavations at Beit She'arim issued by the Israel Exploration Society (and printed at the *Hadassah Printing School*, as almost all of Friedlaender's work since he arrived in Israel in 1950).

Friedlaender regards the prize as a significant honour for Israel where some of his most important works and achievements were created.

Henri Friedlaender was born in Lyon, France, in 1904. His parents moved to Germany a few years later, and he started his printing education at the Leipzig Academy of Graphic Arts. After working as compositor and designer at various first-class German printing houses (among them Haag-Drugulin, Leipzig, where Agnon's first works were printed), and at the Klingspor Type Foundry in Offenbach, he left Germany for Holland in 1932, and was active in lettering and book designing for Dutch editors and printing presses. During the Nazi occupation he lived underground and spent much of his time studying the Bible, Hebrew and Judaism. In 1950 he was called by Hadassah's Brandeis Centre to head the young Hadassah Apprentice School of Printing, whose principal he was until September 1970.

Friedlaender continues to be active in teaching (at the Bezalel Academy and at Kiryat Noar Printing School) and as a designer of printing. *GIDEON STERN*

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

ISRAEL MUSEUM

The Feuchtwanger Collection of Judaica until end July. *Picasso* Ceramics. Early Mediterranean and Near-Eastern Cultures. Emmanuel Ronkin — Paintings and Drawings. Jean-Pierre Raynaud — "4000 Pots" — an environment. Albrecht Duerer: Woodcuts and Engravings. Athens — its Golden Age — Youth Wing.

"Brith Mila" (detail), an unusual circumcision engraving by Albrecht Duerer, is one of the 102 original works by the master now on show at the Israel Museum's Cohen Gallery, marking the 500th anniversary of the artist's birth, an event being celebrated throughout the world this year (a large travelling show of Duerer reproductions is also being shown in Jerusalem at the International Cultural Centre for Youth). Most of the engravings and woodcuts on show at the Museum are on loan from the Charles Rosenblum collection and the Mayer Memorial Foundation.

DRAWINGS — A pleasant excursion, largely into the past, of studies by Israeli artists, many of them "coloured" works that cross the borderline into painting. There are some gems like the Ticho, Weston, Zaritsky, Levanon etc. but nothing to really excite the intellect, unless you are still charmed by academic or romantic works. What is remarkable is how the more fashionably with-it drawings of sometime pop quality, like those of Feingersh and Rohrberger, now seem passé and derivative, after only a year or so. A show which both demonstrates the wide variety and the severe limitations of conservative Israeli art. (Engel Gallery) till July 18 (M.R.)

YOSEF SCHLEIN. — A sculptor with a Ph.D. in *parasitology* but no amateur. A variety of birds and bird-like forms, in wood and metal, combining both cast and welded elements, are evidence of real talent and no little skill, though some of the welding itself is not very well finished. Rather more trite are the mixtures of realistic human figure elements with abstracted, hooded shapes and there are some too-easy solutions, using welded rods as legs for instance (although one non-realistic bird, No. 14, is marvellously poised *on long rod* "legs"). *Less concern* with depicting an indentifiable thing should free this sculptor of the need to formalize animal shapes and to concentrate on solving purely formal problems. This show is a promising start (Khan Gallery, 1-8; 8.30-midnight). Till July 10. (M.R.)

MINIATURES — Fifteen of Jerusalem's younger artists show works under 10 cms in appropriately miniature gallery-cum-cafe (The Little Gallery, Rehov Shatz) till July 20.

YOUTH ALIYA GRADUATES — 18 Israeli painters, some of them very well known, in group show (ICCY) opens 7.30 Mon. with ceremony honouring 60th birthday of Minister Moshe Kol.

ALBRECHT DUERER — German Embassy show of reproductions of woodcuts and etchings marking 500th anniversary (ICCY).

JERUSALEM MUNICIPAL WORKERS — Amateur show. (Beit Ha'am).

BEZALEL ACADEMY — Mammoth annual show by students of art and design, at the school and at the neighbouring Artists House. Till July 14.

NEW AMERICAN PRINTS — 80 examples of the latest techniques by some of the world's best exponents, open at evenings of art film showings (on application) and to public Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. and Fri. 11 a.m. — 3 p.m. (U.S. Cultural Centre)

TEL AVIV

SIX GRADUATES —If not genuine individuality, at least a variety of expression is one of the results one should expect of a group of finishing students of an art school. In Israel, at least, this is seldom the case; more often than not the works of graduating students bear a striking resemblance to those of the painting instructor himself, an occurrence that is grossly out of step with the endlessly *varied pluralistic* art of our times. This well-hung show by six graduates of Margoshilsky's Higher School of Painting in Tel Aviv is one of the rare exceptions. Each of the six shows a stylistically distinct and homogeneous group of works that is quite different from those of his colleagues. Small, sensitive, gestural but convincingly accurate sketches are a common denominator as is the general painterly approach. And among the six are several decidedly promising talents.

Meir Amor's paintings combine figures (the recurring theme is "Hair") with abstract qualities. In technique, his canvases have the look of large silkscreen prints, i.e., the colour areas are flat, the colours deep and clean with black, blue, grey and white dominant and there is an effect of opaque over-printing. But although the shapes are sharply defined, the approach is still painterly, active and quite free. The strong compositions are composed of large irregular areas which the figure elements partially shatter. Passages of lettering act as textures. The paintings and drawings of Yosef Asher are highly purified, exquisitely controlled lyric expressions. White or very pale grounds, faint, carefully attuned patches and shapes of colour combined with clusters of pencil and crayon marks all strengthened by casual-seeming but accurately placed floating linear brushmarks are the salient components. He often uses large rectangles with colours and form activity on their edges, thus giving the area within various definitions of flatness, depth and space. An extremely sensitive talent. Yaffa Avni's participation in this show rests primarily on a single large painting, "The Wall" (her cottony sketches fall short of the generally very high level of draughtsmanship in the show). The painting is built of nebulous real textures of various materials blended by colours resembling the pink-browns of Jerusalem stone. An attempt has been made to introduce an element of rigidity and sharpness into the amorphous situation through straight lines and angles, but the integration is not complete and the work seems unfinished. Ya'acov Carmi builds his works from weathered decaying boards rich in textures and in interesting irregularities. He chooses, adapts, combines, and paints them and thereby turns accident and ready made characteristics into but one of many factors in varied compositions of singular strength, premeditation and originality. There is a pronounced qualitative discrepancy between the oil paintings of Eli Gabrieli and his drawings. The paintings are abstract though rooted in landscape. The patches of colour are energetically applied but are too neutral to be interesting in themselves and the compositions as a whole are still raw and unresolved and lack anything that might be termed "significant form." His small drawings which are more realistic and descriptive, seem to have monopolized all the qualities lacking in the canvases. Moshe Katz is concerned solely with figures which serve him as an exclusive treasury of forms. Each of his paintings is comprised of a group of figures which he handles and develops as abstract forms: he flattens volumes, removes descriptive details and features and fills these forms with a variety of textures and bright contrasting colours. Some of his compositional solutions are unusual and the works have a curious dramatic quality that stems from the quite discernible fact that these are still *figures involved in relationships and* on-going events. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi.) (R.B.)

LAWRENCE MARCUSSON — The artist handles portraiture with a brush wielded with aplomb and informed by considerable know-how, in a manner foreign to the Israeli-taught artist (Marcusson was born in Glasgow where he studied at the Glasgow School of Art). There is a decided slickness to these renderings and, though they have polish, they generally remain close to the surface where the effects are pleasant and reveal little of the personalities portrayed. In some of the landscapes he has used a finger-painting effect which give the terrain an animated bony appearance which is interesting as far as it goes. The artist is a member of Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi. (Katz Idan Gallery, 10 Frishman.) (R.B.)

LAWRENCE MARCUSSON: "Jeremy" (Katz Idan Gallery, Tel Aviv).

MOSHE KUPFERMAN — Searching abstract pencil drawings that are documents of the creative process as well as its end products. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon.)

JONA ZALIOUK — Breezy, often coarse, oils and gouaches of landscapes. (Chemerinsky Gallery, Gordon St.)

PHOEBE DELIOTISH — Intricately worked surrealist landscapes. OLD JAFFA (Old Jaffa Gallery).

KLATCHKIN COLLECTION — Surrealist and descriptive paintings and sculptures by Israeli and French artists. (Hadassah Klatchkin Gallery, 33 Frug.)

SCHOCKEN COLLECTION — Modern Israeli artists. Examples of most of the leading developments in Israeli art during the last several years. (Dvora Schocken Gallery, 39 Hovevei Zion.)

GORDON COLLECTION — Paintings, prints and three-dimensional works by an imposing grouping of many of Israel's leading artists. The accent is on the newer developments. (Gordon Gallery II, 4 Nathan Hehaham.) Till July 15.

MOSHE ROTH — Paintings. HOLON (Municipal Gallery, Homa Umigdal St.).

JOEL LOTAN — Retrospective show of nature photographs. (Kibbutz Artal House Gallery, 18 Leonardo da Vinci.) Daily except Sat.; 8 a.m.-8 p.m.

"AVANT-GARDE EXPERIMENTAL" SHOW — A few interesting works in a rather large show more noteworthy for its esprit than for its actual artistic achievements or innovations. RAMAT GAN (Municipal Museum).

AMERICAN EXHIBIT — Prints, posters, framed material in modern designs, Wednesdays, 8 to 8.30 p.m. Documentary films at 8.30 (U.S. *Cultural Centre Gallery*, 71a Hayarkon. Tel. 56171, extension 274/255 for reservations).

TEL AVIV MUSEUM — New building: "Israeli Paintings and Sculpturors," "Art and Science," sculptures and drawings by Jacques Lipchitz (despite a previous notice by the Museum that the show was closing), Contemporary French Tapestries. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: French Tapestries, sculptures from the coll. Dizengoff House: Works from the Museum's art classes for youth, paintings from the coll.

MAKONDE SCULPTURES — Contemporary sculptures from the Malagasy Republic (Museum of Ethnography and Folklore, Ha'aretz Museum Complex, Ramat Aviv).

COCA LAPIDOT — Figures and landscapes translated into a flat hard-edge technique. The contour remains are divided up at will and the subdivisions subsequently painted. In a few paintings a montage effect is used, as in "David and Batsheva" *in which the loving couple* (like characters from a "B" movie romance) are superimposed on the well-known view of the Tower of David. The effect in most cases is one of old-fashioned poster art with essentially banal scenes and ideas supposedly jazzed up by the technique — an approach that is not convincing or interesting. "Sunset on the Sea," free of nagging descriptive details, with the forms and composition determine by aesthetic needs alone, is the only work in the show in which the hard-edge technique appears justified and the *final* result satisfactory. (Beit Shalom Aleichem.) (R.B.)

LEIVIK COLLECTION — Remarkably fine show of figurative and abstract works intended for discriminating but not necessarily far-out tastes. Among the high-points are two extraordinarily brilliant abstract watercolours by Yehezkiel Streichman (from 1967 and 1971), two of the now seldom seen rich brown formalized figures by Yosef Halevy from 1965, and montages by Yehuda Neiman featuring enlarged photographed elements of the nude female figure. (Beit Leivik, Dov Hoz St.) (R.B.)

EDITH HELEN PAPERT — Descriptive paintings and drawings in various media and from various years by new immigrant U.S. painter. Portraits are the main preoccupation, some of them done on commission and they vary in quality from the vivaciously academic to sweet slickness. The most serious and flawless work in the show is a self-portrait drawing of the artist in spectacles, in which texture, light and shadow are relayed with a precision softened by sensitivity. (Klausner Club, 95 Shlomo Hamelech.) Till July 26. (R.B.)

PICASSO POSTERS — Show of exhibition posters arranged to note Picasso's 90th birthday, some brought recently from Europe, some seen before. Each bears a print or reproduction. OLD JAFFA (Riebenfeld Gallery).

RAZIEL PINES — Descriptive formalisations of reality by painter who is member of Kibbutz Yagur. (Haramati Gallery, 23 Israels.)

ADY YARKON — Abstracted figurative paintings. (Bergmann Gallery, 97 Ben Yehuda).

HANNA KAY — Erotic themes in decorative contour-line drawings remarkable for their innocence. (New Gallery, 82 Reiness).

MILA TISHBI — Very freely and sometimes accurately and richly handled landscapes plus a few painterly abstractions. (220 Gallery, 220 Ben Yehuda.) Till Sat.

EDITH SAVION — Paintings (220 Gallery). July 13-31.

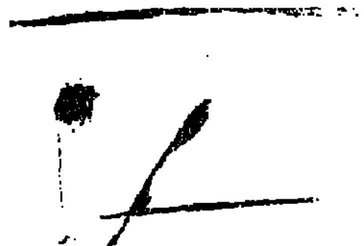
ZIPPORA ASHKELON — Sculptures. (Manya Bialik House, Bialik St.).

YEHOSHUA ELIRAZ — Hard-edge abstractions. (Chemerinsky Gallery, 36 Gordon.) July 11-30.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN GLASS — Works by Israeli artists made in glass by "Lenoy" Ltd. (Glass Museum, Ha'aretz Museum Complex, Ramat Aviv.)

SEVEN ISRAELI PAINTERS — S. Zalman Bren, Avraham Shemi, Eliezer Rahilowitz, Golden, Yael Vashri, Marina Hakon, Miriam Bat-Arizi. (Israel's Gallery, Israels St.)

MOSHE KATZ: "Figure I" (Artists Pavilion, Tel Aviv).



YOSEF ASHER: "Field II" (Artists Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

YA'ACOV CARMI: Painted Wood (Artists Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

HAIFA

"MULTI-ISM 2." — A collective show of 30 painters and sculptors. The paintings can be divided into hard edge and, what may be better denominated, vague and indistinct, *stemming from our past tendencies.* The former, in their forcible contours and bright contrasting harmonies, split into the realist and the abstract. From the realism one discerns that pop art influence, e.g. Ron's "Useless Green Chair" (all her three pictures contain outstandingly handled colour and meticulous composition) and Shechori's figurative "Untitled" (67), has been a factor in banishing sombre pompousness from Israel painting rather than, as elsewhere, a reaction against abstraction. Bylé ("Attractiveness of Yellow"), also affected by pop, draws on realist motifs for abstract aims. Admittedly pop impact on pure abstraction is not so direct, yet two very good pieces have absorbed the same lessons, viz. Peralta's "Painting 1" where a wide blue channel flows through the red background; and Berman's "December 1967" with its two opposing motifs rhythmically softened by their curves and, on the motif to the right, a broad surface exposed frontally. This sharp cleanliness, uncluttered by superfluity and echoing contemporary art, both fine and applied, in the five artists mentioned, comes from their employment of acrylic. Which precedes which, medium or aesthetic taste? Reisman in a similar style ("Still Life") but not originating in pop and its outlines a trifle ragged, paints in oil. Klewe, whose "F 2" also possesses a superficial likeness but the result suggests collage, avoids the dilemma by combining oil with a second medium. Among other painters, Feingersh has evolved a style of bringing together flatness, depth and trompe-l'oeil. The viewer, nevertheless chooses the *plasticity of his* abstract 52 to the necessity of reading separately each "box" of his realist 51, although the varnished look of the latter displays oil at its best. E. Gat presents a magnificent "Nude" (oil), the powerful set back of the figure and the tumultuous disturbance of the paint in the couch, uniting to produce an extreme eroticism (one is reminded of Gropius' remark about perceiving flames in El Greco's portrait of the Grand Inquisitor). It is difficult to recognise *the medium utilised by Moscovich's* capable abstract "Harmonigrams"; preference to 48. Finally, another acrylic demonstrating its elasticity, Tamarkin-Menczer's "Painting," a slender pink form ending in a bifurcated foot on a mauve background, delicacy preserved from mawkishness by its length and strong spatial competency.

Turning to the sculpture, first place to Hahn's "Sculpture" whose gigantic alternate orange and yellow curved plywood triangles stride forward purposefully and, like Gross' incomplete iron cylinders but even more so on account of the former's scale, seem to distil the physical essence of the human figure. (Museum of Modern Art.) Till July 31. (H.)

HENA EVYATAR — Perspex sculpture and a serious investigation of action on space. (Beit Chagall). Till July 12.

IZHAK FRENEL. — Oils entitled "Paris and Interiors" most ably painted in the style which, at the *turn of the century, emanated from* Impressionism. (Traslin Gallery.) Till July 31.

KEISHO CARELESS. — A Japanese calligrapher (she is married to an Englishman) in classical style. (Museum of Japanese Art.) Till end July.

MUSIC IN THE ANCIENT WORLD — Archaeological finds and reconstructions of ancient musical instruments, from the 3rd millennium B.C.E. to the Byzantine period. (Haifa Music Museum.)

ASHDOD YA'ACOV (MEUHAD)

CERAMICS. — From the Jordan Valley regional group under the instruction of Hannah Yitzhaki (Afikim). Uri and Rami Museum).

هكذا من الأصل

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, July 10 at 7.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
Weekdays at 4.30 p.m. — 7.15 p.m. — 9.30 p.m.
See times of performance of individual cinemas

ALLENBY Tel. 57820
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LIZA MINELLI
THE STERILE CUCKOO
Adults only
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ARMON DAVID Tel. 220954
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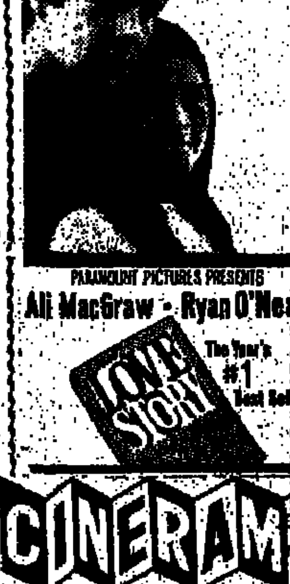
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
"Stiller" Film

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 228409
5th week
7.15 — 9.30
a British Comedy of our times

Matinee at 4: "Tales of Beatrix Potter"

OHEN Tel. 226957
11th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30



CINERAMA
TEL AVIV
Anthony Hopkins
6th week

Eastmancolor
7.15—9.30

EDEN Tel. 57450
2nd week
TORKAN SORAY
in
My Beautiful Beloved
4.30, 7.00, 9.00

ESTHER Tel. 225610
10th week
CHARLES BRONSON
LIV ULLMANN
JAMES MASON
ON BEHALF OF THE FRIENDS
Saturday: 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FOR ADULTS ONLY

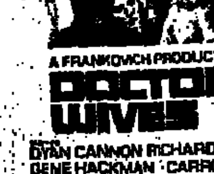
GAT Tel. 267888
8th week
JANE EYRE
Charlotte Brontë's classic interpreted by
GEORGE SCOTT
(PATTON — Oscar 1971)
SUZANNAH YORK
A Forum Film
on wide screen, in colour
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 244866
2nd week
Sat: 7.15 — 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30
Andre Cayatte's film
mourir d'aimer
ANNIE GIRARDOT
BRUNO PRADAL
Based on a true love affair between teacher and pupil

HOD Tel. 226226
2nd week
SHAIKE OPHIR
in
Ephraim Kishon's film
Azulai the Policeman
4.30 — 7.30 — 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 227457
LOUIS DE FUNES
Festival
OSCAR
3.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30

MOGRABI Tel. 58831
2nd week



4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Adults only

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MICHAEL YORK
ELKE SOMMER
ZEPPELINE
4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30

ORION Tel. 624025
11th week
BARBARA HERSHEY
in the Robert Weiss production
The Baby Maker
7.15 — 9.30
Matinees: 11 a.m., 3.30, 5.30
Walt Disney: CINDERELLA

PARIS Tel. 286005
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LEO THE LAST
with
Marcello Mastroianni

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RINGO
Il Volta Della Vendetta
ANTHONY STEFFEN
FRANK WOLFF
A thrilling picture
In colour

CHEN Tel. 22955
3rd week
CHARLES BRONSON
LIV ULLMANN
JAMES MASON
ON BEHALF OF THE FRIENDS

EDEN Tel. 23829
from Fri. at 3 p.m.
AZULAI THE POLICEMAN
with
SHAIKE OPHIR
Directed by
EPHRAIM KISHON

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A great production of the Persian screen
The Purple Palace
with
FARADIN
AZA SHIDA
NAZAR MALAKMAT
In Technicolor

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in
ALISTAIR McLEAN's
When Eight Bells Toll

JERUSALEM Tel. 35067
AUDREY HEPBURN
REX HARRISON
My Fair Lady
6.15 — 9.15

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2nd week
4.00 — 6.45 — 9.00
CANDICE BERGEN
PETER STRAUSS
Soldier Blue
Colour — for Adults Only

ORNA Tel. 24733
3rd week
4-6.45-9
JACK NICHOLSON
KAREN BLACK
In the best film of the year
Five Easy Pieces
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Based on the novel by Bob Rafelson
FOR ADULTS ONLY

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4th week
ALAN BATES
in
Women in Love
based on the novel by D.H. Lawrence
4-6.45-9.15

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L'ENFANT SAUVAGE
Directed by
FRANCOIS TRAFFANT

Tel Aviv Cinemas

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Israel Premiere
BUCK HENRY
LYNN CARLIN
A MILOS FORMAN FILM
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Special reviewers' Prize — Cannes Festival

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Warner Bros. is proud to present Luchino Visconti's great creation based on Thomas Mann's novel
Grand Prize 25th Jubilee Cannes Festival

DIRK BOGARDE
in
DEATH IN VENICE
Israel Premiere
7, 9.30

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Continuation of Israel Premiere 4th week
ELI WALLACH
JULIE HARRIS
"THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR"
A new way to run away from home — drugs
Adults only
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18th week
A documentary film based on the book by Erich Von Daniken
CHARIOTS OF GOD
4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30

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Stained with the blood of
SOLDIER BLUE
CANDICE BERGEN
PETER STRAUSS
Adults only
Fri. 2; Sat. 7.15—9.30
Weekdays: 4.30—7.15—9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445085
14th week
From M.G.M.
A story of love filmed by DAVID LEAN

RYAN'S DAUGHTER
70 mm. Full Stereophonic Sound in Metrocolor
★ ROBERT MITCHUM
★ TREVOR HOWARD
★ CHRISTOPHER JONES
★ JOHN MILLS
★ LEO McKERN and
★ SARAH MILES
Sat. 1 show at 8.30
Weekly 4.30 — 8.30

ZAMIR Tel. 57455
WILD GYPSY
Adults only — in Colour
Continuous from 3.30—5.30
Evenings at 5.30, 7.30, 9.30

Petah Tikva

SHALOM Tel. 917480
Saturday: 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays: 4.00, 7.15, 9.15
(Thursday at 7 only)
WINNING
PAUL NEWMANN
JOANNE WOODWARD
Matinee at 4:
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GREGORY PECK
GEORGE PEPPARD
CAROLL BAKER
in a great saga
How The West Was Won
in Technicolor
Owing to length of film two perfs. at 6.00, 9.00 sharp

ARMON Tel. 64848
2nd week
Hall ventilated
Eric Segal's
No. One best-seller of the year
LOVE STORY
Starring
ALI MACGRAW and RYAN O'NEAL
In Colour
No complimentary tickets

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Elliot Gould, Star of MASH
in a new comedy hit
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BEIT ROTHSCHILD, Mt. Carmel Tel. 83424
The unbeatable Beatles in their great film
YELLOW SUBMARINE
Perfs on Sat., Tues., Thurs., at 6.45, 9.00 only

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ALAN BATES
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in D.H. Lawrence's
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For adults only
A United Artists release
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Perfs. at 4.00 — 6.45 — 9.00

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BURT LANCASTER
ROBERT RYAN
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in
LAWMAN
In Colour — for Adults Only

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From Friday six nonstop perfs
ROBERT HOSSEIN
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for the first time in a great western hit
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MORIAH Tel. 242477
SENTA BERGER
in the great musical film
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Airconditioned
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Ephraim Kishon presents his latest Israeli hit
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Starring SHAIKE OPHIR
In colour
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Haifa Premiere
PETER LEE LAWRENCE
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Cinemascope and Technicolor
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One minute from Carmelit Terminal
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LOUIS DE FUNES
in a hilarious comedy
L'HOMME ORCHESTRE
for the whole family
In colour
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A western for all the family
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with
CLINT EASTWOOD
MARIANNE KOCH

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The Buttercup Chain
Starring Hywell Bennett
Leigh Taylor Young
for Adults Only
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Walt Disney's comedy chase
SAMMY
Starring Robert Culp
Jack Carson
in Technicolor

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ROD TAYLOR
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The Man Who Had Power Over Women
Perfs at 6.45, 9.00 on Sun., Tues., Thurs., on Monday one *cinema* perf. at 6.45 only

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THE KILLERS
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After 6 successful weeks in Tel Aviv
MICHELE BOUQUET
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Matinee at 4:
The Israeli Film
TUVIA AND HIS 7 DAUGHTERS
Shmuel Rodensky

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LAURENCE OF ARABIA
PETER O'TOOLE
OMAR SHARIF
ANTHONY QUINN
ALEC GUINESS
6.00 — 9.00

RAMA Tel. 721912
7.15, 9.30
3rd week
CLAUDE LELOUCHE
LE VOYOU
In colour

ORDEA Tel. 721720
4th week
7.15 — 9.30
GILA ALMAGOR
YEHUDA BARKAN
in Menachem Golan's film
Highway Queen
English and French Subtitles
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The Israeli Film
"8 AGAINST"
Shaike Ophir
Bomba Zur

RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412761
7.30, 9.30
After the big success another week
ELLIOT GOULD
David L. Wolper Production
"I LOVE MY ... WIFE"
BRENDA VACCARO
ANGEL TOMKINS
Adults only — in colour

RAMAT GAN Tel. 724604
Second and last week
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The Priest's Wife
SOPHIA LOREN
Marcello Mastroianni
Carlo Ponti Production
Technicolor
Matinee at 4:
SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
Natalie Wood
Warren Beatty

The POSTER

Theatre

LA MANDRAGOLA (Haifa) — Yaacov Shabtai has given Machiavelli's 400-year-old comedy some racy Hebrew dialogue and Michael Alfreds directs in the informal, disreputable, street-corner fashion of commedia dell'arte. The results are satisfactory; especially enjoyable are the acrobatics. KFAR WARBURG Sun. TEL AVIV (Beit Hayal) Tues., Wed.

DAUGHTER IN LAW (Haifa) TEL HAIFA (Beit Rothschild) Mon., Wed. HAIFA M.T. Tues.

BIOGRAPHY (Cameri)—In Max Frisch's new play a man is given a chance to live his life all over again, and, you guessed it, makes the same mistakes. Cleverly constructed, superficial play well directed by Leopold Lindtberg. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sun., Mon.

MEDEA (Cameri) — Featuring return to stage of Hanna Marron. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sat. EIN HASHOFET Sun. JERUSALEM Mon., Tues. HAIFA (M.T.) Wed., Thurs.

WRITERS' TRIAL IN MOSCOW (Cameri) — TEL AVIV (Nahmani) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

SAINT JOAN (Habimah) — A luminous performance by Gila Almagor makes this production of the Shaw masterpiece a real event. The actress performs the feat of being at one and the same time the simple peasant girl and the leader of France. The other performances range from poor to correct. HAIFA Mon.

THE ROSE TATTOO (Habimah) — TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sat., Sun., Mon. NAHARIYA Wed. MERHAVIM Thurs.

COLOMBE (Habimah) — Jean Anouilh's play is exceedingly well constructed with the proper mixture of drama, sentiment, humour. It is also artificial and shallow. Habimah's production is remarkable for the performance of Lia Koenig as the corrupt, imperious tragedienne. (See review) TEL AVIV (Habimah) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

THE BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE (Godik) — The comedy which captured Broadway deals with the eternal problem of the generation gap. Directed by Leonard Schach, with Rachel Marcus in the leading role. HOLON (Rina) Fri. TEL AVIV (Alhambra) Sat. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Mon. EIN YAHAV Wed. NETANIA (Ester) Thurs.

A TASTE OF HONEY (Tzavta) — TEL AVIV (Tzavta) Fri., Sat.

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL (The Young Theatre) — HAIFA (Shavit) Fri. TEL AVIV (Ohel Shem) Sat., Tues. TEL AVIV (Alhambra) Wed. KIRYAT SHMONE (Sair) Thurs.

Musicals

HAVA ALBERSTEIN (Bimot) — The popular singer appears in a one-woman show as a sophisticated chanteuse, a role which does not entirely suit her, but shows possibilities she has not revealed before. GIVATAYIM (Shavit) Fri. TEL AVIV (Beit More) Sat., Tues. MITZPE RAMON (Mitzpe Ramon) Mon. KIRYAT ATA (Shavit) Wed. KIBBUTZ KINERET Thurs.

A SEPHARDIC ORCHARD (Bimot) — KIRYAT YAM (Nitzan) Fri. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Sat., Thurs. TEL AVIV (Beit More) Mon. BEIT SHAAN (Yarden) Tues. LOD (Orly) Wed.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA (Haifa) — Mac the Knife comes to life again in the new production of the Brecht-Weill almost-classic on the joys of living a life of crime. HAIFA (M.T.) Sat., Sun., Mon. NETANYA (Sharon) Wed.

THE KING AND THE COBBLER (Cameri) — The revived musical about the wise king and his double, the drunken *cobbler, is as entertaining as the original* production of some six years back. Nathan Alterman's lyrics are charming and witty, Sasha Argov's tunes are pleasant, the set and costumes of Arieh Navon are a joy to the eye, and Crandall Diehl equipped the show with good dancing. Ily Gorlitzky in the double role hugely enjoys himself, and the audience enjoys him. YIFAT Sat. ASHKELON Sun. TEL AVIV (Cameri) 3.30 afternoon Mon. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

IRMA LA DOUCE OF JAFFA (Popular Theatre) — Sweet Irma returns, but this time in a Jaffa setting. Popular and thoroughly professional. GIVATAYIM (Hadar) Fri. KIRYAT GAT (Hassor) Sun. GIVAT OLGA (Gal) Mon. BAT YAM (Azmaut) Wed. TEL AVIV (Dekel) Thurs.

JUMBO (Popular Theatre) — Song, dance and comedy, all *formerly shown in army* entertainment troupes — young, fresh and enjoyable. HAIFA (Ora) Fri. TEL AVIV (Dekel) Sat., Wed. NES ZIONA (Amphi) Mon. HERZLIYA (David) Tues. NETANYA (Sharon) Thurs.

CASSIUS CLAY VERSUS HALFON (Popular Theatre) — BEERSHEBA (Keren) Fri. TEL AVIV (Dekel) Sun., Mon., Tues. REHOVOT (Beit Ha'am) Wed. TEL AVIV (Beit Hayal) Thurs.

YEHORAM GAON (Popular Theatre) — JERUSALEM (Binyenei Ha'ooma) Sat. Sun., Mon. AFULA (Keiron) Tues. RA'ANANA (Orot) Wed. HAIFA (Armon) Thurs.

THE PATRIARCH ABRAHAM VERSUS THE MATRIARCH SARAH (Popular Theatre) NAHARIYA (Hod) Fri. JERUSALEM (Mitchell) Sat. TEL AVIV (Beit Hayal) Mon. PARDES HANAH (Dekel) Wed. PETAH TIKVA (Heichal) Thurs.

THE NEW TEL AVIV MUSEUM BUILDING on SDEROT SHAUL HAMELECH

THE MUSEUM EXHIBITS:

- ★ Israeli painting and sculpture
- ★ Jacques Lipchitz — 100 sculptures and drawings*
- ★ Art and Science
- ★ From the Museum Collections —
- ★ Films on "Art and Science," at 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Visiting Hours: (Please note changes!)
Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday 10 a.m.—1 p.m. 4—8 p.m.
Tuesday 10—1, 4—10 p.m.
Friday 10 a.m.—2 p.m.
Saturday 7—11 p.m.

Helena Rubinstein Pavilion
6 REHOV TARSAT
- ★ Contemporary French Tapestries
- ★ Sculptures from the Museum Collections

Visiting hours: Daily: 10 a.m.- 1 p.m. 4-7 p.m. Friday: 10 a.m.- 1 p.m. Saturday: 7 p.m.-11 p.m.

Beit Dizengoff, 16 Sd. Rothschild
- ★ Creative Youth at the Museum
- ★ Selected collections of the Museum

Visiting hours: Daily: 10 a.m.-1 p.m.-4-7 p.m. Friday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Saturday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Single ticket for the exhibitions in the three buildings, IL3.50 at the Museum box offices. Children, students and soldiers IL1.25.

* (closing on July 10)

Dance

BAYANIHAN THE NATIONAL PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY — PETAH TIKVA (Oron) Fri. HAIFA (Shavit) Sat., Wed. BEERSHEBA (Keren) Sun. EMEK HAYARDEN Mon. JERUSALEM (Binyenei Ha'ooma) Tues. SHAAR HANEGEV (Amphi) Thurs.

BAT DOR DANCE — GAN SHMUEL Sun.

Music

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.

Jerusalem

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE ARTISTS' HOUSE.— Hanna Dobrofsky sings classical songs and Canadian Folksongs; Tova Berlinsky will read from the poems by Benyamin Tamuz — at the Artists' House, — 2, Shmuel Hanagid: Saturday.

MUSIC AT EIN KAREM — "Collegium Musicum," an ensemble of singers, recorders, strings, harpsichord and piano directed by Avner Itai — Madrigals and instrumental works by Gibbons, Telemann, Handel, Vaughan Williams, Britten, — at the Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem: Monday. For reservations phone: 83703 (1-3). Special bus leaves King David Hotel at 7.45 p.m., Kings Hotel at 8 p.m., and Mount Herzl at 8.10 p.m. — return trip guaranteed.

ISRAEL BROADCASTING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Shalom Ronli-Riklis conducting, Goncal Comellas, guest violinist *from Spain* — *Smetana*: "The Bartered Bride" — Overture; Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole; Ben-Haim: "From Israel"; Borodin: "Polovetzian Dances" — at the YMCA Auditorium: Tuesday.

Tel Aviv

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta conducting — Subscription Concert No. 12 Series "4": Saturday; Series "5": Sunday — programme: Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn: Symphonie Concertante (M. Breuer; S. Heled; E. Thorner; M. Rechtman); Respighi: "Pini di Roma." Series "6": Monday; Series "7": Tuesday; Popular Series: Thursday — programme: Webern: Im Sommerwind; Sh. Ran: Concert Piece for Piano and Orch. (Shulamit Ran); Ravel: Piano Concerto in G; Brahms: Symphony No. 1.

Acre

ANN WILSON — visiting dancer from the United States, presents her "Story of Ballet" — at the Hospitalier Knights' Halls at Old Acre: Saturday.

Opera

The Israel National Opera presents: J. Strauss: "The Gypsy Baron", with Davrat; Richmond; Baumwel; Admon; Christoff; Bergell; Herdan; Karta; Berkman; Bachar; Barry (Saturday-Monday-Thursday); Puccini; "Tosca", with Netania Davrat, Aaron Bergell, Louis Berkman, Claude Avella (Sunday); Smetana: "The Bartered Bride," conductor: *Alexander Tarski* (at AFULA — Wednesday).

At the Cinema

Jerusalem

AZULAI THE POLICEMAN — Ephraim Kishon's latest film is packed with comic situations and amusing dialogue and in his policeman hero, extremely well acted by Shaike Ophir, he has created a quixotic sort of character who is lovable as well as laughable, completely different from those sly rogues Sallah and Ervinke. The cast has been well selected with Zaharira Harifai as Azulai's long suffering wife and Itzko Rachaminov as Sergeant Bejerano doing particularly well. Attractive colour photo*graphy by David Gurfinkel* and tuneful music by Nurit Hirsch. Very entertaining.

FIVE EASY PIECES — Fresh and lifelike account of a young American's search for his own identity — a slice of contemporary life in the U.S.A. Excellent portrayal by Jack Nicolson (the small town lawyer of "Easy Rider") as Bobby Dupea, who does not know what he wants but is well aware of what he does not want. Written and directed by Bob Rafelson.

WOMEN IN LOVE — Fairly faithful to the Lawrence novel and remarkable as a text dealing with the most basic elements of human relations. Superb acting and fine photography. Should be seen, though this version is badly cut.

Tel Aviv

MOURIR D'AIMER — Concerns a passionate love affair between a schoolmistress in her early thirties and a schoolboy of seventeen. *Clearly inspired* by the actual case of a French schoolteacher who fell in love with one of her pupils and was driven to suicide. Director Andre Cayatte takes the opportunity to attack the legal code which regards this kind of love as an indictable offence and treats a minor as an object and not as a human being. Good performances from Bruno Pradal as the youth and Francois Simon as his father with Annie Girardot giving an outstanding performance as the woman in the case.

THE PARENT TRAP — Pleasant comedy about a pair of identical twins who switch over so as to bring their estranged parents together again. Hayley Mills plays both roles with her usual competence and Maureen O'Hara is the mother, Brian Keith the father *and veteran actress Kathleen Nesbitt* the grandmother. A reissue of the Walt Disney production.

Haifa

THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN — The film deals with the compromises entailed by being in the public relations game and as for the title itself, it does not apply to any of the men in the picture. Rod Taylor plays Peter Reaney, a public relations executive who has become fed-up with catering to the whims of the agency's most important client, an objectionable pop idol (Clive Francis), but finds it hard to give up the money his job brings in. Penelope Horner is his wife and Carol White is the woman who gains his love and gives him promise of a more satisfactory life. The film is trite and superficial, the most interesting part being the relationship between Reaney and his friend in the same game (James Booth). Pretty Marie-France Boyer makes a brief appearance. Directed by John Kirsh.

Lia Koenig and Dalia Friedland in COLOMBE, at Habimah.

CORRUPTION AS ENTERTAINMENT

COLOMBE by Jean Anouilh, translated by Zvi Rosen, at Habimah. Directed by Theodore Thoma, set by Eli Sinai, costumes by Ruth Dar.

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

JEAN Anouilh's Colombe is a well written, well constructed inconsequential play on a subject recurrent in the French playwright's work — the dilemma of a man facing a corrupt world from the vantage point of his own moral values. Not that Anouilh thinks much of his protagonist: Julien, the stern moralist, is also an insufferable boor, an egotist completely lacking in understanding of other people, including his pretty young wife whom he has tried to "educate" in his own image.

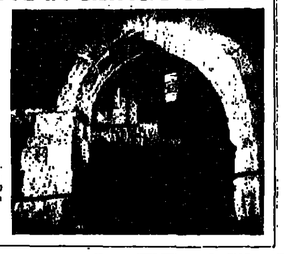
The corrupt world of *Colombe* is the theatre, and Anouilh, whose entire life was spent backstage of the French theatre, has himself a great time biting the hand that feeds him. In the centre of that small world is Mme Alexandra, the reigning tragedienne, a mean, vulgar, petty, cruel, greedy, totally amoral woman, surrounded by lackey's who grovel in the dust when the queen raises her voice. The only one to defy her is her son Julien who appears only when he needs money, which is most of the time. When he is called to the colours, he demands that his mother take care of his wife and baby during his absence. In order to save money, Mme Alexandra employs the young woman in her show, and when Julien comes home on his first leave he finds his innocent dove involved with the leading man, the playwright, the theatre manager, the hairdresser, his own playboy brother —in fact with everyone who can further her career or provide some fun. Faced with a collapse of his world, after a talk by his mother who coldly and contemptuously explains to him the facts of life, Julien exits, and the author hints that he is headed for suicide. *La morale de cette histoire* is: In a corrupt world you either swim with the stream or drown, or, as they say in New York, you can't fight city hall.

One cannot, however, take Anouilh's Colombe too seriously. In order to make his point, he has carefully stacked his cards. Mme Alexandra is an artificial creation, a woman devoid of any human, let alone feminine, feelings; as for Colombe, we have all known young women who did not so easily succumb to cheap temptations as she did; and the masculine world, even in the Paris theatre, is not really made up of old lechers ready to jump at any pretty young thing. And finally, a man of moral principles does not necessarily have to be as boorish and egotistic as Julien.

Which does not change the fact that Colombe *is very good* entertainment, especially for the hot summer season, with its proper mixture of drama, sentiment and humour, all well calculated to keep the audience absorbed. Theodore Thoma did a fine job of directing the play with a generally competent cast. In the centre, by virtue of her powerful stage personality, is Lia Koenig as Mme Alexandra, repulsive, funny, pathetic. Israel Biderman is a fair Julien, and Dalia Friedland brings to the title role her freshness and charm and little else. Outstanding in the supporting cast is Alexander Peleg as a caricature of an aged romantic playwright. Eli Sinai designed a handsome, cleverly constructed set. The translation by Zvi Rosen is faultless.

a stone in david's tower

A SOUND AND LIGHT SHOW IN JERUSALEM



Every evening, except Friday and eve of holidays at David's Tower, next to Jaffa Gate
At 19.30 in Hebrew, 20.45 in English, 22.30 in French. Tickets available at Jerusalem agencies, and at the box office.

Come dressed warmly.

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from 8 p.m to midnight

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*ART GALLERY *PRINTS
*BATIK *FASHION FABRICS *MOSAICS *RELIGIOUS
*BOUTIQUE *GLASS *OLIVE WOOD CARVING *SCULPTURE
*CERAMICS *JEWELRY *TAPESTRY

municipality of jerusalem — ministry of tourism — east jerusalem development ltd.

MUSEUM HAARETZ — TEL AVIV
MUSEUM CENTRE RAMAT AVIV

GLASS MUSEUM *
KADMAN NUMISMATIC MUSEUM
CERAMICS MUSEUM **
MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY AND FOLKLORE
TEL QASILE EXCAVATIONS
Nechushtan Pavilion — Timna Excavations
MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES, YAFO
10 Mifrats Shlomo. Hours as below.
Open: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Wed., 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
HISTORICAL MUSEUM
26 Rehov Bialik. Open daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Saturdays closed
ALPHABET MUSEUM
26 Rehov Bialik. Open daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Saturdays closed
LASKY PLANETARIUM
Daily presentation at 11.30 a.m., Tuesdays at 7.15 p.m.
"CREATIVITY AT THE MUSEUM HA'ARETZ"
* Paintings and sculpture in glass works by Israeli artists made in glass by LENOX, Ltd.
** Ceramics sculpture: Alex Pollack.

WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel
With your Own Hands!
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Keren Kayemet Leisrael (Jewish National Fund): **in Jerusalem** — Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 352611 **in Tel Aviv** — 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 3344.0.

— ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM —

• **Israel Museum:** — Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues., Shrine of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Tues., Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
• **Conducted Tours:** —
HADASSAH TOURS
1) Morning Tour (except Saturdays and Holidays) of all Hadassah projects in Jerusalem starts at 8.30 a.m. from *Strauss Health Centre, 24 Rehov Strauss*, IL7 or $2 per person towards transportation and refreshments.
2) Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagall windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Hadassah Story" at 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3 p.m., Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre, Medical Centre. No charge. Bus 19 and 27. For further information: Tel. 36333, Jerusalem.
Boys Town Jerusalem — (Kiryat Noar), Bayit Vegan. Daily tours (except Shabbat), Tel. 52212.
Tourists and visitors come and see the *General Israel Orphans' Home of Girls*, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6, Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 23424.
• **New Israel Films:** —
Latest Israel films screened weekdays at 12 noon at Keren Hayesod Hall, Jewish Agency Building, Jerusalem. Admission free.
Sound and Light Drama. "A Stone in David's Tower," nightly at 8.45 in English; 10.00 in French. Tickets at agencies and at David's Tower, Jaffa Gate. Daily, except Friday.

— TEL AVIV —

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM, Sderot Shaul Hamelech: **INAUGURAL EXCHIBITIONS:** 1) Israel Modern Art. 2) 12 French Masters of the 20th century. 3) French Tapestries. 4) Sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz. 5) Selection from the collections of the Museum: 6) Art and Science. *Visiting hours:* Sun.-Thurs., 10-10; Fri. 10-2; Sat. 7-11 p.m.
Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Tarsat Street: 1) French Tapestries. 2) Sculptures from the Museum's collections. Visiting hours: Weekdays: 10-1, 4-7. Fri.: 10-1. Sat.: 7-11.
Beit Dizengoff, 16 Rothschild Blvd.: 1) Selection from the Museum's collections. 2) Children's works. Visiting hours: Weekdays: 10-1, 4-7, Fri. and Sat.: 10-1
Museum Ha'aretz Ramat Aviv, (1) Glass Museum; (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramics Museum; (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; (5) Museum of Science and Technology; (6) Tel Qasile Excavation. Wed. — 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
26 Rehov Bialik: (7) Museum for the History of Tel Aviv; (8) Alphabet Museum; Sun. through Thurs. — 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. — 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. — closed.
10 Mifrats Shlomo, Yafo: (9) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
• **Conducted Tours:** —
• **Tel Aviv University**
Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturday. Assembly point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public Relations Dept.
Transportation by public buses 25, 26, 76, 86. Free transportation on Mondays and Wednesdays — from hotels: 9.40 a.m.—Radisson, Sharon, Acadia, Valdor, Samuel, Astor, Dan, Park, Deborah, Adiv; 10 a.m. — Sheraton, Hilton, Ramat Aviv, Avni Shalom, Basel. *For further details*, Tel. 418111, Public Relations Dept.
Bar-Ilan University: daily for free transportation please call public relations. Tel. 703100-4.
Hilton—Tel Aviv: H. Stern's duty-free jewellery. International guarantee. Government-approved.
ORT ISRAEL: for visits, please contact: ORT Syngalowski Technical and Vocational High School, 28 Derech Hatayassim, Tel Aviv, Tel. 763321-3; ORT Technical and Vocational High School, 43 Rehov Hanevi'im, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-25326; ORT Vocational School, Rehov Hanna Senesh, Haifa, Tel. 04-24027; ORT Lvovich Technical and Vocational High School, New Industrial Zone, Netanya, Tel. 053-2292.
National Religious Women's Organization: Mizrahi and Hapoel Hamizrahi Women in Israel, 158 Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv. Call—Tel Aviv, 444151, 788942; Jerusalem, 30620, 35232.
Moetzet Hapoalot — Pioneer Women: Daily tours, Sun. through Thurs. 9 a.m., from Va'ad Hapoel Bldg., 93 Rehov Arlozoroff, Tel Aviv. Reservations, Tel. 251111
Mizrachi Women's Organizations of America and Canada, 16-18 Rehov Ben Hillel, Tel Aviv, call Tel. 229157, 243166; Jerusalem, 23646, 531603, 27456 (answering service), Haifa, 61652; Beersheba, 31771. Wize Club, 16 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 223930, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Hadassah Club, 80 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 56039.
Women's League for Israel, 37 King George, Tel Aviv. Conducted tours of the Homes please call: Tel Aviv — 249189; Jerusalem — 32840; Haifa — 63776; Netanya — 23564.
Our Club Fantasia, Old Yaffo, 14 Kikar Kedumim: Why is it that every tourist who visits us is so pleased with our club? 1. The original architecture from the days of Sheikh Suleiman. 2. Our original programme of jazz (every Tuesday), Israeli folklore (every Wednesday). 3. Every night (except Sunday) "Dancing till dawn." 4. Friendly service, romantic, intimate atmosphere.

— HAIFA —

• **Exhibitions:** —
Artists House, 24 H.N.O. Ave. One-man show, Hosea Eyytai, transparent sculpture, and the gallery collection. Open daily, 10-1, 4-7, except Fri., Sat., 10-2.
Hadassah Club, Youth Aliya office, 30 Rehov Hameginim, Tel. 42461, 9-12.
Tzadik Art Gallery, Hadar Hakarmel, opp. Zion Hotel, exhibits: "Landscapes and Interiors." One-man show of oil paintings brought from Paris, by Isaac Frenel (Frenkel). Open daily: 8-1, 4-8 p.m. Fri.: 8-2 p.m. Sat.: 11-1, 5-9 p.m.
Balfour Cellar — Kosher Restaurant and Dairy Bar. Caters to everybody's taste and pocket-book. 3 Rehov Balfour.
Prepare your travel abroad by looking at our big assortment of pictures, literature, *prospectuses, maps* about countries and cities. The Danny Sharon Institute of Urbanology, 92, Sderot Hanassi, Tel.: 38251.

— REHOVOT —

Weizmann Institute of Science, conducted tours, Sun.-Thurs. 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.; Fri. 10.30 a.m. *only; starting from* the lobby of the Charles Clore International House

— JERUSALEM —

Organ Music by Philip Rogev every Saturday at 11.30 a.m. Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. Public welcome.

תיאטרון ישראל

Haifa Municipal Theatre — התיאטרון העירוני חיפה
THREE PENNY OPERA
HAIFA, Sat., July 10; Sun., July 11; Mon., July 12
NETANYA, Wed., July 14
ASHKELON, Sun., July 18
MANDRAGOLA — Comedy
Mifal Omanut La'am EFAB WARBURG, Sun., July 11
TEL AVIV, Beit Hahayal, Tues., July 13; Wed., July 14
Cameri Theatre MEDEA
HAIFA, Wed., July 14; Thurs., July 15; Sat., July 17
Little Stage THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
JERUSALEM, Sat., July 10

The Cameri Theatre — התיאטרון הקאמרי
MEDEA
TEL AVIV, Sat., July 10
EIN HASHOFET, Sun., July 11
JERUSALEM, Mon., July 12; Tues., July 13
Premières
THE MOSCOW WRITERS' TRIAL
TEL AVIV, Nahmani, Tues., July 13; Wed., July 14
KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER
YIFAT, Sat., July 10
ASHKELON, Sun., July 11
TEL AVIV, Mon., July 12, 8.30; Tues., July 13
BIOGRAPHY
Last performances
TEL AVIV, Sun., July 11; Mon., July 12, 8.30

Habimah — התיאטרון הלאומי הבימה
SAINT JOAN
TEL AVIV, Large Hall, Wed., July 21, 8.30
Every Wednesday at 8.30 Simultaneous translation to English Except July 14
THE ROSE TATTOO
TEL AVIV, Large Hall, Sat., July 10, 8.30; Sun., July 11, 8.30; Mon., July 12, 8.30; Sat., July 17, 8.30
NAHARIYA, Wed., July 14
Premières
RELATIVELY SPEAKING
Comedy
Sat., July 10, 8.30; Sun., July 11, 8.30; Mon., July 12, 8.30; Tues., July 13, 8.30; Wed., July 14, 8.30
COLOMBE
TEL AVIV, Large Hall, Tues., July 13, 8.30; Wed., July 14, 8.30; Thurs., July 15, 8.30

the israel museum, jerusalem
THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Monday, July 12, 8 p.m.
Lecture
"The graphic work of Albrecht Dürer" (part B — *Hebrew, with slides*)
Dr. Avraham Ronon, Head of the Art History Department, University of Tel Aviv
(members: IL1; non-members: IL2.50)

Tuesday, July 13, 6 and 8.30 p.m.
Art Film Club
"The Naked Island" (Japan, 1961)
The life of a poor peasant family, living on a small arid island, during the four seasons of the year
Short film: "Origami" — paper folding art of Japan, By courtesy of the Japanese Embassy in Israel
(prior to exhibition opening 20.7)
Tickets at Museum box office and Le'an Ha'erev"
Hebrew translation only

Exhibitions
The Feuchtwanger Collection of Judaica (Spertus Hall)
Ancient Mediterranean and Near-Eastern Cultures (Bronfman)
Picasso Ceramics (Schwartz-Goldman Hall)
Emmanuel Ronkin — Paintings and Drawings (Gruss Hall)
Jean Pierre Raynaud: "4,000 Pots" — an environment (Ida Crown Plaza)
Albrecht Dürer: Woodcuts and Engravings (Cohen Hall)
Athens — Its Golden Age — Youth Wing
Special Exhibit at Rockefeller
Prehistoric Sites in the Haluza Dunes
Special Exhibit
Oil sketch for a cupola decoration
Naples (?), late 17th or early 18th century

The Israel National Opera
1 Allenby Road, Tel Aviv, Tel. 61728
Tomorrow, July 10
THE GIPSY BARON

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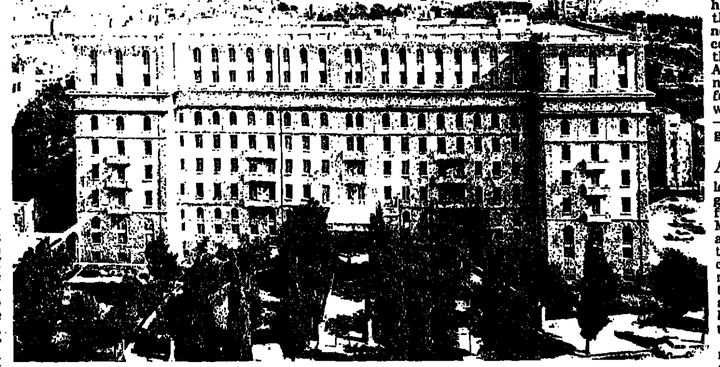
A day in the life of THE KING DAVID



Sooner or later, ran an old imperial adage, you would meet everybody who is anybody at Shepheard's. The same company that built the great Cairo hotel also built the King David in Jerusalem, and it is certainly true that anybody of the slightest importance who ever comes to Israel ends up at the Capital's most majestic hotel. Kings and Prime Ministers, soldiers and Zionists, all have made their headquarters in the imposing block facing Mount Zion and the Old City Wall. PHILIP GILLON reports on a day spent by him at the King David in the company of ZVI AVRAMI, the general manager.

LONG before the most determined tourist has begged over the telephone for some early morning coffee, as a prelude to watching the rosy-fingered dawn set the Jerusalem stones afire, the first cleaners come chattering and laughing through the great revolving door of the King David. The side door, generally used by the staff, is still firmly locked. By 5.30 a.m. the cleaners are hard at work on the main lounge, so that by breakfast-time it will be ready for last-minute conspiratorial talks before delegates go off to whatever convention is on at the moment.

Half an hour later, other cleaners begin work on the swimming-pool and gardens. Shlomo, the gardener, began working here when the King David was opened by a joint British, Egyptian and Swiss syndicate in 1931, and he has tenderly nursed seeds and saplings into *mighty trees* and a lush, verdant undergrowth. The pool is open from 8.30 a.m. till 5 — early morning dips are forbidden, when there is no lifesaver on duty.

Itzhak Flammer, the *chef de cuisine*, officially begins work at 7.30 a.m., but at 6 he steals quietly through the revolving doors and goes down to check his kitchens for the work that lies ahead. His vast empire lies below the ground floor level of the hotel; in the 'thirties, he explains, kitchens were sunk below dining-room level so that no odours could *offend the delicate* nostrils of the guests. Today, with air conditioning and other scientific marvels, a kitchen can abut the dining-room without causing the slightest distress to the most fastidious. The old style arrangement, says Flammer, posed and poses special problems: food has to be carried up a flight of steps, and his greatest dread is that the food or hot water should have lost its warmth by the time the waiter has made the long trek to the diner's table.

At 6.30 a.m. the coffee shop opens for those hardy visitors who have to hit the road by 7.15 a.m. — the Red Sea and the Dead Sea and Lake Galilee have to be reached before the sun has climbed to its zenith. So into the coffee shop go the early risers, calling to each other like lambs, chivvied by their tour leaders and guides, as anxious about their charges as shepherd dogs. Slightly more fortunate tourists can sleep an extra half an hour and then eat in the main dining-room, which serves breakfast by seven.

At that stage the rush to get out of the hotel is beginning: luggage piles up in the lobby, whence it is whisked away by porters to the side entrance. Here the big buses have arrived, and the bags disappear into the lower hatches, while upstairs the guests cash their travellers' cheques and settle their accounts. The daily rates range from $18-$30:50 for bed and breakfast, $32-$40 *for half board, plus* 10 per cent service charge, in a double room. People who want single rooms pay more for the privilege: special arrangements are made for those prepared to form sections of a group tour.

★ ★ ★

AT 7.30 a.m., the general manager, Zvi Avrami, whose keen eye never misses a thing, begins his early morning check of the hotel. Inadequately disguised as an assistant manager, I accompany him down long corridors, through kitchens and into refrigerators, laundry-rooms and carpenter's *shops*, maintenance rooms and boiler rooms. Deep below the polished floors and resplendent lounges, 350 employees labour like slaves of the lamp. Mr. Avrami himself glares into every corner of the labyrinth: he has a passion for cleanliness, every speck of dirt that has escaped the vigilance of the cleaners is to him a personal insult.

We visit the North Pole, the deep freeze for meat and poultry stored at 20 degrees below zero Centigrade, then the less frigid possible for keeping the deep freezer for *bourt* kept at a mere 8 degrees below freezing. We see cake rooms and ice cream machines, producing that contradiction in terms, strictly *koshier* ice *cream. Kashrut* is rigid everywhere in the hotel.

The maintenance room is responsible for keeping the electricity, carpentry, plumbing, air conditioning, tiling and masonry in perfect order: only very large installations are farmed out. The laundry, heavily automated, is working under great pressure, since this is a Sunday, with a whole week-end's washing accumulated to go through the washing machines, centrifuges, dryers, mangles and ironers. Special items of guests are given individual attention; some people don't accept the fiction that drip-dry shirts never need to be ironed. Anything lost in the wash, as happens in all laundries, is replaced with a smile: Avrami, unlike other people running laundries, believes that the customer *is always right.*

The laundry is situated in an outhouse on the southeastern side of the hotel, where a wing was blown up by terrorists just before the State was formed: on its upper floors are some offices of the Ministry of Health. This building is to come down, and is to be replaced by the King David Towers, an interestingly-shaped *narrow shaft* that will soar into the sky, and will add 200 rooms, a dining-room seating 1,000 guests, shopping arcades and other public spaces to the hotel. This mighty addition, planned by architects Reznik and Specktor, is to be finished within two years.

We inspect the pool, to make sure that the water and its environs are in perfect condition to receive the first visitors dishonest enough to ignore their duty and to skip sightseeing on a hot summer's day. I am particularly pleased to see a sign on the clock urging relaxing sunbathers to read *The Jerusalem Post.* The pool serves drinks and meals, and forms a self-contained little world of its own: several hundred Jerusalemites are members at a fee of (a- single) IL185 upwards, depending on the numbers in the family.

By this stage of the game my boss for the day decides that I have earned some breakfast, although, he adds austerely, he normally has nothing more than coffee. The dining-room, under the benign but efficient eye of Avraham Weiner, the catering manager, serves a semi-buffet breakfast, augmented by whatever one wants to order from the kitchen — but don't get illusions of grandeur, there are only eggs.

★ ★ ★

AFTER breakfast we stand graciously for some time in the lounge, exchanging affectionate greetings with new arrivals, sad farewells with parting guests. Many of the guests have been at the King David 60, 70, 80 times. "They feel it is their second home," says Avrami. "We make a point of always giving them the same room. It requires a certain amount of juggling, but we know it's *important to* them."

He does not think that the new Hilton will lure away many of these guests who have been going to the King David Hotel for 20 years. "Generally, I would guess that there is as high a proportion of fidelity to the hotel among hotel guests as there is in most marriages."

The hotel was purchased from Palestine Hotels Ltd. by the Miami group, formed by the Federmans, who have now bought out their American partners. The chain also owns the Dan in Tel *Aviv, the Accadia in Herzliya,* and the Dan Carmel in Haifa.

After speeding the departures and welcoming the arrivals, we go to Avrami's office to get reports for the day. Every morning, each of *his* key *personnel* brings his joys and problems to the General Manager. The first to come is Nava, in charge of reservations; she reports that the hotel is very full indeed.

During June and July the average is expected to be 92 per cent, a very satisfactory percentage indeed, sufficient to bring a glow of joy to the cheek of any hotelier. Avrami tries to use his *proteksia* with Nava to allow somebody he knows very well personally to stay till July 19; she looks sad and regretful as she tells him *that she fears this is impossible.* He has only booked to the third and out he'll have to go. But a little while later she returns with a bright smile: she has worked it to allow Avrami's protegé to stay till the fifth. Then she'll see.

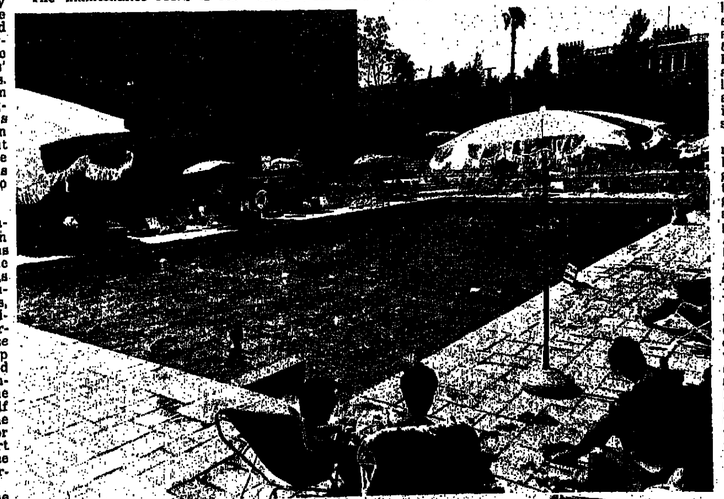
A secret word of advice to room-seekers for friends or relatives — don't deal with the general manager, try to soft-soap the head of reception: I once got a suite at the King David for a friend on the eve of Independence Day through the late Alex Wolff, then head of reception there, when Avrami swore by all the gods that he couldn't squeeze a gnat in. Alex simply juggled a few people around...

Mrs. Shalem, the Assistant Manager in charge of Housekeeping, comes in to discuss her difficulties. *Housekeeping for 500* visitors, many of whom have extraordinarily high standards, is no easy matter, and her problems are many. Avrami talks to her in German. Then he discusses the finances in French with David Shepar, the chief accountant. And he makes an arrangement to meet members of the Worker's Council.

★ ★ ★

AVRAMI, who speaks Hebrew,

(Continued on next page)



The King David pool is a popular place for Jerusalemites as well as tourists.

THE KING DAVID

(Continued from previous page)

English, French, German, Rumanian, Russian and Yiddish was born in Rumania in 1925. When he was 15 years old, he was sent to a Nazi concentration camp, and went from camp to camp during the next 29 months. In the camps, his father died of typhus and his mother of hunger; his father, a lawyer, who had served in the German Army, had refused to believe that he should run away before the Germans came.

In 1945, Avrami got to Israel, and went to Kibbutz Tel Yitzhak. After leaving the kibbutz, he worked first as a labourer, then as an X-Ray technician at the Hadassah hospital.

"One day I saw an advertisement in *The Jerusalem Post* that Hadassah was opening a school of hotel management. I signed on. It was a first-class school. It took me two years to graduate. Then I went to England to work in a very good hotel in Bournemouth. From there I went to the famous Three Kings in Basle. I joined the King David in '57 after it re-opened — it was closed during the Sinai Campaign. I started as front office manager, became assistant manager, then manager, then general manager in September '63."

He married the daughter of Dr. Eugen Mayer, who was literary editor of *The Jerusalem Post* for many years; his mother-in-law Hobe, is a Bentwich. "My trouble is that I have to treat my home as a hotel, and the hotel as my home," he says forlornly.

His day is obviously completely out of hand, beginning in the early hours of the morning and going on till midnight. He sighs and says: "The trouble is that I love the work. I like people. Even when they complain, I like them. The work can never be boring because it's concerned with human relations."

At noon we go out again into the foyer, just to stand around and to smile pleasantly, to soothe those guests whose tranquility has been ruffled by some untoward incident, to laugh with somebody who has picked up a new joke on his travels. We try the pool, and find it very pleasant indeed. Then we go into the bar, for an orange squash for him, a Martini as smooth as *silk for me, made by a barman* who obviously does not have much chance to prove his undoubted talents. Only two other people are sitting in the bar — sipping Coca-Cola.

"The bar is a very weak part of hotel business in Israel," Avrami admits. "People who come here aren't drinkers. Some of our younger guests drink a fair amount, but, on the whole, our kind of guests drink hardly at all. Just think of a bar in a comparable hotel in London or New York!"

Imagination boggles at the vision of devout drinkers fighting like trapped rats in a sinking ship for places for their elbows and feet on bar and brass rail.

* * *

WE have lunch in the coffee shop, a very fair lunch too, including some excellent fried fish. Avrami goes for the blintzes. The prices are surprisingly modest. Kashrut, he admits, makes cooking more difficult, but there can be no question of the King David ever going "treif", although he let a light some years ago to prevent the Orthodox politicians linking *kashrut* in hotel food to full Sabbath observance.

Tourism, he says, has changed completely in the last decade, with the coming of the great jets and the large groups. The old days when travel was a privilege of the rich are over. "It's rather like the move from Bond Street tailoring to clothing produced by Marks and Spencer. But we try to give the same, old-fashioned service that the King David gave in the 'thirties to the British on the Grand Tour, or to the top Army brass. Of course, it's much harder to do this with large groups than it was with individuals. Bear in mind, also, that in the old days the visitors stayed several weeks in the same hotel; now there's a terrific turnover. But we try our best."

The 10 per cent service charge is divided among the staff according to a set formula. But it is not the same as was the generous tip of the milord or the general in an aristocratic age. "Still," he insists doggedly, "we try to treat everyone as well as they used to treat the lord."

When the new Tower is finished, the King David will have a further 200 rooms, and will have to cope with almost 1,000 guests. How does he plan to do this? What about staff?

"Most of our staff has been with us for years. We'll add graduates from the Tadmor School. Fortunately, Israelis have changed their attitude: 20 years ago, it was considered a humiliation to be a waiter, now it's treated as a profession, like anything else. Then we are getting a few new immigrants with experience in hotels — my Assistant Manager, Stephen Phillips, is a Londoner."

* * *

AFTER lunch we look through the guest book of the King David. Sir Arthur Wauchope, High Commissioner for Palestine 3.12.31; Winston S. Churchill Oct. 10 '34; Moyne; Haile Selassie; Reading; Abdulla; Alfonso R.; Edwina Mountbatten; Sophia of Albania; Allenby; Voronoff; Toscanini; Peel; Gort; Mountbatten of Burma; Weizmann More recently: Eleanor Roosevelt; Trygve Lie; Edward G. Robinson; Casals; Chagall; Eddie Cantor; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Bernhard and Juliana; the King and Queen of Nepal; Willi Brandt; Stern; Jackson; Muskie; Rogers; Erhard. No wonder Avrami preens himself as he shows his medals.

"But," he says, "every visit by a celebrity is a nightmare. Apart from other things, there is also the question of security. We don't sleep at all for 48 hours when we have a top level V.I.P. here."

It seems to me that he doesn't sleep much anyway: he even dispenses with that most wonderful of customs, the Middle East siesta. I am not surprised that he landed himself in hospital a few months ago with a heart condition; a siesta would help more than the diet, he recommends in vain, but observes himself.

The day wanes, but the tourists never do. We stand and smile at them in the lobby, listen with an attentive ear to their problems, great and small. There has not *only* been a revolution in the type of tourist, there has also been a revolution in dress. I wonder aloud what some of those V.I.P.s, the kings and queens and pukkha sahibs and proconsuls of empire would say to the hippie clothing and hot-pants that pass gaily through the lobby, along with more soberly clad Zionist leaders. At least one, who was here on October 10, 1934, would have relished the hot-pants.

Only a few years ago a leading hotel in Tel Aviv insisted that a Cabinet Minister should wear a tie to dinner. Those days are done. Avrami considers himself lucky if they don't try to break into the dining-room in bathing costumes. Open neck shirts and shorts will get by any day in the week.

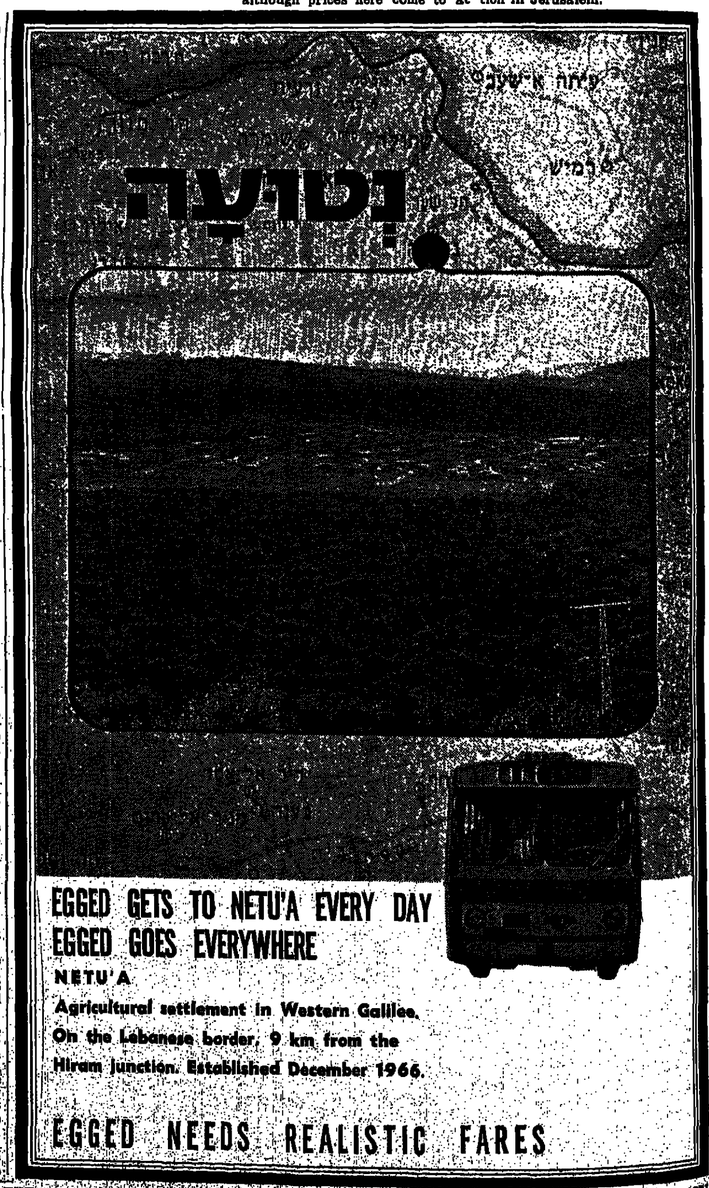
After finding the bar still rather forlorn, despite some music, although prices here come to at least IL25 per meal, compared to IL18.60 in the dining-room, without drinks on service. The food is excellent.

"People eat much less than they did ten or 20 years ago," says Avrami, still on his diet theme. "And the food is not nearly as rich or as heavy. But I think the quality has gone up. Many Jerusalemites come to eat in the grill-room. Naturally, when the new hotel is built in two years time, we'll expand all these facilities. Things will be much easier for the staff — we'll have a real modern kitchen on floor level serving all the dining areas at shorter distances."

Does he ever worry about the new scheme being too ambitious, of his incredible booking average dropping when he has to find 1,000 guests a day?

"I'm not the least bit worried, the Jumbo jets will bring them to me. The problem for years is going to be finding accommodation in Jerusalem."

General Manager Zvi Avrami welcomes Secretary of State William Rogers to the King David Hotel.



Jewish history and rock music—without sight

By Lea Levavi, Special to The Jerusalem Post

WHEN Leor Gamoiel (born Lawrence Ginsberg) was in the sixth grade, he was the first blind boy in New York City to attend a yeshiva. Now, at 20, he will soon be the first blind immigrant student to receive a B.A. from the Hebrew University. His studies are in Biblical Science and Jewish History, but his serious interest is modern music and he has played in several *Jerusalem rock groups.*

Although Leor is the first blind immigrant to receive his B.A. at the University, a precedent was established over two decades ago by Dr Haim Blank, the expert on the Druse. Blinded in the War of Independence, in which he fought as a volunteer after receiving his *B.A. in America, Dr. Blank went* on for his graduate degrees at the Hebrew University, where he now teaches.

Blind since birth, Leor (known to his friends as Larry) is not really a new immigrant, though officially classified as one. He first came to Israel at the age of 11, in 1962, with his widowed mother and three brothers. In 1967, right before the war, his mother decided to return to America and Larry, despite vigorous objections, had to follow. A year later he returned to Israel alone to enter the University.

Something abstract

"Though I went to yeshiva for a year, I knew almost nothing about Israel before we came the first time. When we studied about 'Jerusalem' or 'the Land of Israel' it was always something abstract; not a real place where people lived their everyday lives..."

I asked if he remembered his first impressions of Israel.

"I'm ashamed to tell you now. My first impression was that the hamburgers were no good."

Larry began seventh grade in a Haifa elementary school but it was soon clear that he wasn't learning:

Disciplinary problems

"The teachers were swamped with disciplinary *problems and couldn't* take the time to help me. They also didn't know how to teach a blind pupil, and that, together with the language barrier and my other problems as an immigrant, made it hard for all of us."

His mother wanted to send him to the Jewish Institute for the Blind in Jerusalem, but Larry, who had never gone to boarding school and didn't want to attend a school for the blind, refused. The final choice was Haifa's Fifth Municipal High School, where he finished seventh grade and spent the next three years.

"Things were better in the new school but it still took me time to adjust. I remember one *silly example.* One day, walking home from school with my classmates, we started talking about football. 'Which team do you like, Hapoel or Maccabi?' one of the boys asked me. 'The New York Yankees,' I answered, since I preferred baseball anyway."

In eleventh grade, he transferred to the Reali High School.

"That was the happiest year of my life. I really got settled here and made friends. I joined Hashomer Hatzair, even though I didn't agree with them politically, and had a wonderful time. When the advisers would tell me I couldn't participate in some activity, I would believe *them because they always included* me in everything I could possibly do."

Went back

At the end of that year he had to leave: "My mother had been talking about going back for a few months — she wanted us to finish our education in the States. And when she saw the cars disappearing off the streets and heard talk of war, she figured it was time to leave."

Even before the ship reached America, Larry wanted to go back.

"I decided I wouldn't make any friends in the States and that I would try my best to get back to *Israel as soon as possible.* The thing is, though, that it didn't work. We settled in Hartford, Connecticut, where I finished high school and made some good friends in spite of myself. But I was stubborn about one thing. I was going to college in Israel."

Despite the objections of the Hebrew University's Dean of Overseas Students, and thanks to the persuasion of Dr. Jacob Freid of the Jewish Braille Institute of America, Larry was finally accepted at the Hebrew University. Because he had studied here, most of the requirements of the preparatory freshman year for foreign students were dropped. But since he had not taken the matriculation exams, he was not accepted as a full student.

Perfectly happy

"They worked out a compromise whereby I could take any courses I wanted during my first year, as long as I took three courses in Jewish subjects. I was interested in *Jewish subjects anyway so* I was perfectly happy."

Like many well-adjusted blind people, Larry doesn't understand why people are so amazed by what he does and how he does it. To him, it is perfectly natural to take class notes on a Braille machine and to move freely, using his cane, around the campus, in Jerusalem, and around the country. He is sufficiently confident in his ability to move around independently that he often "guides" blind friends who visit him. Class assignments are read to him by friends or volunteers and some of his textbooks are prepared in Braille or recorded on tape.

No right or wrong

"There's no 'right' or 'wrong' way to handle blindness," he said. "Some of us travel with canes, others with dogs. I take a Braille machine to class for note-taking. Some students prefer a 'pocket slate', a metal plate with special holes where you punch out the dots with a stylus. Others use a portable tape recorder. Many blind students type papers and exams, but I've found it best to take tests orally. I don't really think my *problems are different from those* of anyone else except, of course, for unfortunate public attitudes about blind people. Why do they always either pity or admire us? Of course, though, I haven't yet looked for a job or really struck out on my own, so I'm not yet a real expert on the problem."

After his first university year, Larry returned to the States for the summer and came back with his mother and his younger brother Michael, who decided to immigrate.

"My twin brother Mark and my older brother Jay are still in the States. Jay, who was 14 when we came in '62, never really adjusted and had to go to an American school here. When he went back to the States, it was for good. Mark, who got along a little better, may come back some day. Michael was only 7 when we first came so he adjusted beautifully and wanted to come back. My mother never learned Hebrew and is still more American than Israeli, but she *wants to live here.*"

Same as home

In the campus dormitory, Larry's friends are "half immigrants and half Israelis." He thinks the problems of immigrant students, and the resentment against them, "is because the immigrants want Israel to be a miniature of their native country. They make demands the country can't meet, which makes them bitter and the Israelis angry."

Though he intends to go on for his M.A. and Ph.D. in Biblical Science, and might like to lecture at the University, his real dream is a career in music; he plays the guitar, electric organ and piano. "I would like to be a composer and arranger."

In addition to Larry, there are other blind immigrant students at the Hebrew University, and about 30 blind Israeli students are attending universities throughout the country. Their fields of study include Middle East studies, social work, psychology, law, musicology — almost all fields open to any student.

WEE WOMEN

"I agree—a four day work week is enough. Who are you going to have to keep house the other three?"

Camille, at her new Jerusalem salon, does a fun make-up for party-going.

Glow and bounce

By Susan Bellos

Jerusalem Post Reporter

CAMILLE is Jerusalem's latest beauty salon and is a fun place to splurge about IL50 and a morning. Among the amenities offered, apart from hairdressing and 90-minute facials, is an extravagant body massage.

According to Camille, who has another salon under her name in Tel Aviv, and was trained in France, the massage slims. There are 12 *traitements*, which take 45 minutes at IL20 a time, after which the customer is supposed to emerge lithe, sinuous, and presumably slim.

The treatments include being rubbed in cream and paraffin and having one's unwanted flesh plucked and sucked up by a not unfriendly machine called a "mémis electrode." After one massage, one emerges, I suspected, as fleshy as ever, but marvellously relaxed. The pounding and rubbing was in fact so soothing, that I simply fell asleep.

Camille's facials are longer than usual and they can involve three separate face masks and electric treatments for problems like blackheads and unwanted tiny veins. Apart from feeling that one has a truly clean face, the total effect afterwards is a more glowing, softer skin, and a sort of facial bounce which lasts about a week. The facials also cost IL20.

There are also hairdressing, which is fine if you can tell the stylist exactly what to do, wax treatments, manicures, pedicures and electrolysis. Camille's, in Rehov Hahavatzelet, is altogether a good place to enjoy the fleshpots in.

LIFE IN GALILEE

by HADASSAH BAT HAIM

JUST BORROWING

ALL parents know that the definition of the word "borrow" has entirely different connotations according to which generation is using it. The Oxford explains it as "get temporary use of," the hang-up occurring over the question of "How long is temporary?" I also maintain that the consent of the owner is desirable though in such crises as discovering the lack of a pen, five minutes before school time, I have been known to waive those rights, retroactively and begrudgingly, while taking the opportunity to deliver the well-known lecture which begins, "why don't you get your things ready the night before?"

This is small enough compensation for being thrust into that most frustrating of situations, looking for an object which one *knows* with absolute certainty to have been in a particular place a short time previously; an object which has vanished without trace or echo, in search of which the deprived owner begins to doubt his own sanity. To have this provoking situation dismissed airily by the cheerful admission, "Oh, I took your scarf — typewriter — bicycle — I knew you wouldn't mind" and even have the fact of its return presented as an act of uncalled for virtue and a reason to abandon all sense of grievance is an experience no parent can hope to avoid.

Seasoned parent

The practised and seasoned parent must accept the knowledge that the formula "Can I borrow your sleeping bag — camera — electric drill — I'll take good care of it and bring it back the minute I've finished with it," is but a convention, and no more to be relied upon than the favour of the gods. The best one can hope for is that the missing articles about which such earnest promises have been made, will be dumped, dropped or flung into some place where they will be discovered by their owner before they rot, rust or are eaten by the dog. Ownership, while not in dispute, can be used as a reproof and a reminder to an already guilt-ridden elder, "Is it all right if I use the car tonight?" has accusative undertones which have ruined many parental plans for an evening out.

The "loan" of a number of items is admitted by veteran parents to be a mere cliché, as meaningless as the respectful obedience of the Civil Service. Pencils, sellotape, pocket lamps are spirited away into some vast untraceable storehouse. At a later date stockings, raincoats, pullovers and earrings join the one-way flow. Theoretically, at this stage it should be possible for the older generation to retaliate, but by the time the family arrives at this point the seniors are too well trained to start a rebellion. They can only be thankful when their children outstrip them and it is no longer necessary to hide the clean shirts and the freshly ironed pyjamas.

Exasperated worm

It may just happen that a worm, exasperated into a passion, will turn and counter attack with unexpected success. Coming home late one night, I am consumed with fury to see that my clock, the only reliable time-piece in the house, has not been put back on my bedside table in spite of promises which amounted almost to sacred vows. Snorting with indignation I pull my daughter out of bed and demand its return forthwith, hardening my heart against her bewildered stumblings from room to room. She does not, of course, find it and it turns up the next day in her schoolbag where she swears it has been planted, but she does rediscover a favourite brooch of mine which I thought had gone for ever, pinned to the lapel of her winter coat, which she hands me in triumph before collapsing back onto her pillow.

I spend a sleepless night, partly for fear of oversleeping and partly in remorse. I assuage my conscience by telling it that at least she will have learned a lesson from the incident. But as the whole procedure has been expunged from her mind by the time she wakes up, it is difficult to make out who is teaching whom what.

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MAX FACTOR

Israel Distributors: Nurit Co. Ltd.

Israel Defence Forces order-of-the-day for Chen girls on July 5, took the hems up — now that hems are going down—to 12 cms. above the knee — not that they had not been wearing them at this length for sometime, and permitted the wearing of pony tails. Up to now the girls had to do their long hair up in buns.

One of the girls shortens her skirt at her office desk. (I.P.P.A. photos)

The look is almost back to normal

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

"BACK to the age of civilisation" is how a leading designer put it to me recently when asked about styles for the coming Autumn and Winter. Since things generally go in cycles the idea, if not revolutionary, certainly sounds logical and the latest photos released of French ready-to-wear collections bear it out.

Before the winter fashion shows get under way later this month, the International Wool Fashion Office has been making their own predictions of things to come.

Skirt lengths seem to have settled back to an even keel, above the knee or just topping it, while coats are almost all Chanel length. The "in" looks are mostly revivals of old-established favourites. (Just another proof that it rarely pays to throw anything out — keep it long enough and it'll be back in its heyday within a few more seasons).

Long-lived trench

Where coats are concerned, there are cape tops, Sherlock Holmes or coachman style, duffle coats and the long-lived trench coat. Blazers and pleated skirts, matching or more often coordinating, are the biggest look in suits, (Wish now that I'd never thrown out that old school uniform) while the battle-dress top (now re-named the lumberjacket just for a change) is also still very much around.

All the pants variations — from the "hot" variety to culottes, gauchos and knickers — will doubtless still be seen, but the long variety (like last year's and the year before and the year before that) are back in full force. Newest styling in pants is what some people term "Greta Garbo" and others call just plain "butch": man tailored pants, straight and wide, worn belted and with turn ups.

Where separates and casuals are concerned it's very much the "layered look": brief, sleeveless vest-style sweater worn over long-sleeved shirts or pullovers, sometimes even three layers, generally each in a different pattern and colour.

What with everything being so normal and civilised again, what to wear should present no problems... but what, oh what, are we all going to talk about all winter long...?

Raglan sleeves and a tartar lining for this coat in tobacco pure wool broadcloth. The coat features a large collar and four patch pockets with flaps.

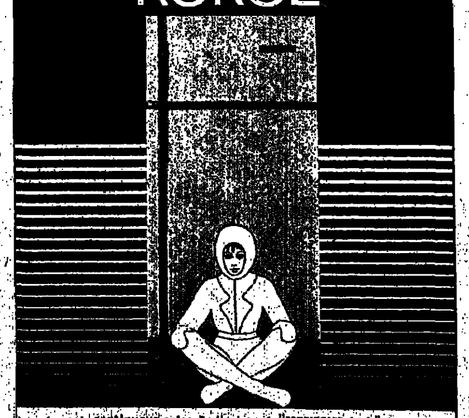
Coat in navy blue pure wool broadcloth with Nehru collar, full sleeves finishing in a cuff, and an elbow-length cape effect.

"Dressing Gown Look" in a coat for winter 71/72: It is in a red, white and blue giant checked wool broadcloth. Note: large flat collar, wrapping around kimono style, and tie-belt.

A kiosk free of charge for soldiers, was opened at the crossroad at Bat Galim in Haifa, near the Egged Station. It was opened by the Bulgarian Organisation in Haifa with the help of the Association for Welfare of Soldiers in Israel. The kiosk is open on Fridays and gives free cakes, felafel and cold drinks to hitch-hiking soldiers who wait for lifts. The cakes are baked by the women members of the Bulgarian Organisation and the cold drinks are supplied by the organization. The felafel is donated by the "Felafel King," Mr. Avraham Bagdadi of Rehov Allenby in Haifa. The kiosk will operate during the next four months.

(Al-Baz photo)

KOROZ



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A woman has problems as an ambassador(ress)

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Reporter

ESTHER Herlitz, who recently returned from her posting as Israel Ambassador to Denmark, was guest speaker at a Wizo tea-time meeting earlier this week. With her return there is no longer an Israeli ambassadress anywhere, although two foreign ambassadors to Israel are women.

During her four years in Denmark, as well as in the past year when she visited Australia, the U.S. and many European countries, she had felt, she said, unrest throughout the world regarding the status of woman, specifically in political and diplomatic circles. Citing her own experiences, she recalled that when she had served as First Secretary in the Israel Embassy in Washington (in the early fifties, during the period when Abba Eban was Ambassador) those who had not met her personally had always assumed her to be a man, invariably addressing her letters to "Mr. Herlitz" — or alternatively, when hearing the description First Secretary attached to a woman, had asked if she were Mr. Eban's shorthand typist.

Other examples of unreadiness to accept the concept of a woman in a high-ranking diplomatic post which she had experienced included the time when she had requested certain documents at the U.N. Assembly and had been asked whether she was the Embassy typist preparing a protocol; there was also the occasion when, shortly before leaving Washington, David Ben-Gurion requested her to visit the Pittsburg steelworks. "Are you really prepared to wear flat shoes and a helmet?" was the dubious query when she requested an appointment.

Prime Ministress

"In Israel, no one has ever suggested that Golda Meir should be addressed as "Prime Ministress" — yet before I left for Copenhagen, the Academy for the Hebrew Language gave the matter of my title considerable thought, and eventually decided upon "Shagrira" — ambassadress," stated Esther Herlitz, noting that while the status of the woman in Denmark, as in many other countries, is a strong one, there is a certain schizophrenia in Scandinavia regarding women in politics, and a very small number of woman politicians.

Moving from the subject of Women's Liberation to her experiences in Denmark, Esther Herlitz recalled the very great love of the Danish people for Israel, and their outstanding solidarity with the Jewish people, proved in 1943 with their remarkable heroism and success in saving the entire Jewish population from the Holocaust. Their sentiments can perhaps best be explained by the fact that the Danes were always an agricultural nation, and saw the influx of Jews into their country as being the foundation of Danish commerce and business.

Natural

Shortly after her arrival in Copenhagen four years ago, the Danes commemorated the 25th anniversary of their revolt against German invasion with a memorial exhibition. She was asked to perform the opening ceremony and was told "It's quite natural that you should do this."

While there was, she said, a great deal to be said on the positive side where Danish feeling for Israel was concerned, she had noted a certain degree of impatience with Israel, in Scandinavia and other European countries alike. "Many countries who supported the establishment of the State of Israel felt that this would constitute a clearing of any bad conscience they had ever had regarding the Jewish people. Today, with continuing unrest in the Middle East, sentiments have changed.

Enough problems

"Each country has enough problems of its own, wants to avoid trouble with the U.S.S.R. as far as possible, and tends to attribute Russian presence in the Middle East to Israel. Arab voices are powerful in the U.N. Assembly — and go hand in hand with the Russians. Then there are the economic considerations bound up with supplies of oil from Arab countries. Thus the principal problem of Israel Ambassadors abroad is that, despite genuine love and admiration for us, we constitute a politically disturbing factor."

Architect's refusal

Illustrating this point, Esther Herlitz related an incident which had arisen in connection with her recent visit to Australia. The new Sydney Opera House, currently under construction and undoubtedly to form one of the city's most impressive landmarks, is the work of a leading Danish architect. She was asked by the Mayor of Tel Aviv to approach him and request him to enter the competition for the design of the new Tel Aviv Theatre. "He refused — apologetically. He explained that since he was building a huge sports stadium in Saudi Arabia, it would be impossible for him to come to Israel."

A further factor — small but growing — in the current negative atmosphere towards Israel abroad is, said Esther Herlitz, the New Left groups of youth revolting against "the establishment" — Israel is included as part of the U.S. establishment. While she had experienced very few anti-Israel demonstrations in Denmark, she recalled the spate of smashing supermarket windows and slogan daubing during an Israel Week promotion some two years ago. "Those responsible were found to be a group identifying very strongly with those which supported the Nazis in the '30s," she explained.

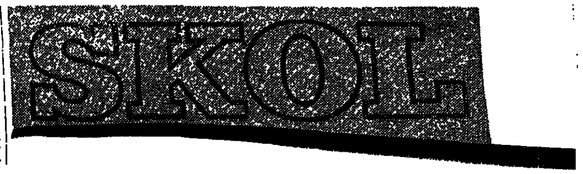
New Jew

At the same time, she had come across a certain return to Judaism and Zionism in many of the countries which she had visited: "There is a new phenomenon — call it the 'new Jew' — emerging in many unexpected places — the movement is perhaps not so very different from the current one in the U.S.S.R." One of her most impressive experiences had been attending an informal meeting between Golda Meir and a group of some 30 long-haired hippies and beats in the U.S. "We are revolutionary socialists and democratic Zionists," they had explained, adding that they believed firmly in the State of Israel and supported immigration.

Immigration and tourism to Israel from Denmark was, noted Esther Herlitz, extremely healthy. Four out of Denmark's six Jewish professors are now living in Israel, and at least 100 Jewish students from Denmark are currently attending university here, out of the 1,000 Jewish families in Denmark. "Perhaps they are seeking a challenge — or maybe a husband or wife," she suggested.

Concluding in a lighter vein, Esther Herlitz said "It's not really so difficult to be a woman ambassador — although, contrary to Foreign Office beliefs, I think it would have been easier to have been sent to an under-developed country rather than one with a high standard of living. My greatest problem was perhaps that of obtaining domestic staff."

ESTHER HERLITZ



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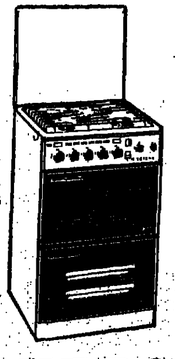

And smaller spits that give you the opportunity to try your hand at delicious oriental dishes like shish-kebab. In this top compartment, there is also a slow-heating arrangement. Ideal for cholent, and a great help if you're a working wife. There is a handy timer clock. Set it for whenever you want, and the alarm will tell you when it is ready. This, then, is the Universal 70/5. With separate ovens for kosher cooking, or for dishes that do not go together like, say, cheese-cake and chicken. Before you buy any cooker, look at this one carefully.

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The scene is the garden of the Israel Embassy, as Dorith, eldest daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Moshe Bartur, is married to Tetsuya, son of Mr. and Mrs. Teshin Noda. Rabbi M. Tokayer is seen here performing the ceremony, on June 23, as the bride's father (left) and the groom's mother (right) look on at the side of the huppa and the groom's father holds one of the poles of the canopy. Rabbi Tokayer explained each detail of the ceremony. The bridegroom is a promising artist from Kumamoto, while the bride has worked with the Overseas Department of the Japanese Broadcasting Corporation. Her Japanese is somewhere "upper-middle" level.

A WEDDING IN TOKYO

Jerusalem Post Reporter

Tokyo's Jewish community He had

"There are only a few Japanese wives in Jerusalem," she says, hinting that Israel may soon count another Jewish-Japanese family in its midst.

In order to subsidize the camp programme, Akim draws upon the Horani Summer Scholarship Fund. Established last year it contributed half the expenses, with the balance coming from the Ministry of Social Welfare and the parents. The cost of one child during the 10-day period is IL350. Akim volunteers have bought and collected summer clothes for the participants.

The first two sessions will be attended by retarded young people, aged 15-30, who are trained in Akim sheltered workshops during the year. Each group of 12 has a counsellor; the third and fourth sessions will be attended by children aged 8-18, who are in Akim day centres with each group of seven supervised by a counsellor.

ramny ——
turs.

He has since won international recognition and is by now well established in the world of prints. His work can be seen at the New York Museum of Modern Art, as well as in leading museums in Tokyo, Kyoto, Yokohama, Warsaw, Ljubljana, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Canada, and, of course, Jerusalem.

Two years ago Tetsuya spent several months in Israel and the idea of making their new home in Jerusalem, at least for part of the year, seems to appeal to the young couple.

At the moment, there is no time for a honeymoon. "We have to find a house first," says Abraham Tel-Aviv, who speaks fluent Japanese, agrees with her husband.

Arab-Jewish summer camp in Acre next week

Jerusalem Post Reporter

ACRE. —

A SUMMER camp for 140 Arab and Jewish eleventh-grade pupils will be held in Acre from July 12-23. It is the twelfth camp of its kind and, like its predecessors, will be run by the Office of the Adviser on Arab Affairs at the Prime Minister's Office. The Jewish participants all study Arabic at school. The Arab participants include some girls and approximately 15 pupils from East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights.

The programme will include visits to Arab and Druze villages, and also kibbutzim in Galilee, where the pupils will be the guests of the inhabitants. For the Jewish pupils, there will be classes in spoken Arabic and for the Arab pupils — Hebrew literature. Arab and Jewish scholars will give lectures on Arab culture, society, folklore and leaders. Discussions will also be held. The counsellors include Jews, Arabs and Druze.

In addition to the summer-camp, the office of the Adviser on Arab Affairs holds shorter meeting between Jewish and Arab youth in the course of the academic year.

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THE JERUSALEM POST JUNIOR

Memories of first love

By ITA BEN YITZHAK
(Grade 12) Wizo Irwell Secondary Technical School, Haifa

WHEN I first met him, I was 16 years old. He was Ann, my best friend's brother. I was half curious about him and half admiring. He seemed so strong and wild, and yet there was a kind of tenderness in his eyes. Every time I looked at him I thought that his appearence was just a cover for his being sensitive and easily hurt.

We went out together several times, but always together with others. Ann was with us as well. We never had any intimate meeting. I was only a 15 year girl and he was almost a man, aged 21.

Then, one day, the phone rang. I didn't quite understand what he asked me, but I knew I had to go to their house.

I found him lying on the bed. The moment he saw me, he jumped up and kissed me on my forehead; "You're an angel, please prepare something for me to eat — I'm starving."

He ate, and I sat and looked fascinated at his strong jawbones chewing the food. He finished, lit a cigarette and lapsed into silence. I decided to wash the dishes. The next moment when I stood by the sink I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck. I didn't dare to turn but his arms turned me and he said seriously: "You deserve it, dinner was excellent" and then he kissed me on my lips. That was the first time I had been kissed by a boy, and I really think I wanted to cry that moment, because part of childhood had left me.

* * *

WE were running on the beach. It was Friday evening and there was nobody but us. We ran, and laughed, and then suddenly he stopped me. "Hi, silly girl, look at the sunset..." It was a wonderful sight and I'll never forget the tenderness of his kiss afterwards.

I knew I loved him and it was intoxication. It wasn't blood that ran in my veins, but bubbling wine. I devoted myself to draining all the happiness I could get at his side.

* * *

HE got married, and of course I was at the wedding. Later in bed I cried but I wished him happiness. He had told me he was going to marry, and I was shocked. He said, "I love you and I always will, but I'm going to marry another girl." "But if you don't love her why do you marry her?" His eyes became smaller as he answered: "Sometimes love is not the main reason for marriage." He went, and so he also went out of my life.

It was hard for me to recover from this crisis. My first, sweet love was over. But, as time passed, I began to go out again. Now I was different... I felt like a woman. I had experienced the taste of love.

* * *

I CAUGHT sight of him two weeks ago, five years after our love had died. He looked tired and old. In those few moments, I realized he wasn't happy, and only then could I guess the reason for his hurried marriage. I suddenly felt that I didn't want to meet this familiar yet unknown man. I crossed the street and never turned my head.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

By MORRIS CHESED (17)
Tihon Ironi Dalet, Tel Aviv

I STOOD looking up at the heavens, with my children at my side. We were not scared, we were just waiting for what was to come. Suddenly, my youngest daughter pointed at something resembling a bird, a small black bird falling from the skies. There were the skies through which the power of G-d first created the world; now these were the skies that sent down a black bird, stalking the world like an eagle stalks his prey.

The air was thick and grey when I regained enough strength to know what had happened. My children — the entire world as I had known it had been destroyed. I was the last living thing on G-d's earth, I was king of the world, a new world free of everything that haunted the old world of 1984. No factories to poison my very existence, no countries trying to destroy each other, no more bombs.

I could not think what to do first. Firstly, using the knowledge of my previous world, I built a place to live, furnishing it as well as I could. I used my "modern" knowledge for everything I did, but this same knowledge created my next problem. What was going to happen next? I had called myself a king, but king of what? Was I king of a world which was no more in existence, was I leader of a people who were all destroyed, father of children whom I now hated, even in their death, for what they stood for? One day I too would join the dead world I was living in, I would join everything and everybody that I once hated, the world which I dreaded.

I had to think of some way to continue living. Lying on my bed, I thought about my future and the future of my new world. Suddenly, as if the hand of G-d had brought me my answer, I heard a knock at my door.

I was of two minds, however, whether to open it or not. Experience of my old world had taught me not to trust anyone or anything; that even when something seemed so obviously good, never to disregard the possibility of it proving to be bad. The possibility of good was obvious; someone, somewhere and somehow, had managed to live through the horrors of the past few days. If that was so, I was not alone on the earth: company helps to pass the time.

The very thought of someone else being alive, however, haunted me as pesce haunts a fascist. I was king of the world, I would not share it with anyone else. This other being who still existed, represented things I had long wished to forget. I did not want to see him.

The knock was repeated.

I could always destroy this infiltrator of my private life, destroy him as he had destroyed my family; my life; my Earth. The very urge to avenge these things turned my hand which was now holding the door handle.

I opened the door.

In walked Eve.

In the beginning, G-d created the Heavens and the Earth...

NOISE IN MODERN LIFE

By AVRAHAM TOEG (Grade 12)
Maale High School, Jerusalem

WE have grown accustomed to living and working against a background of noise. We have noise in every place; in the streets, at school, at our place of work, in the cinema, in the theatre, at home. Outside, the mighty sound of industrialization and the rolling voice of modern transport, and inside, radio, television.

People accept all this. I live in the most central road in Jerusalem, all day long I hear the "delicate" sound of heavy trucks and other "musical instruments." Yet I sleep and work quite well.

Millions of people living in great cities, like New York and London, endure the terrible noise.

But the noise is not caused not only by industrialization. We must remember that the world population has increased very greatly and our citizens seem to be more noisy.

In the 19th century, people used to listen to quite, soft music. Now we are used to very loud music. Our games have become public games with a great noise accompaniment. (If anyone wants to bear the truth of this, he can go to any football game...) I think we even talk more loudly than before.

Noise is only one sign of the great change that has come upon us, upon our characters and behaviour. The rhythm of our days is a very quick one. People are more nervous and feel more than ever before.

And the great noise is one of the means of trying to struggle against this nervousness, and loneliness.

We seem to be helpless to do anything about it — and have to accept it as one of the more unpleasant features of our modern civilisation.

PENFRIENDS

SAJJAN MOHATA (18), of 75/79 Old Hanuman Lane, Bombay 3, BR, India, would like to have Israeli penfriends. She is interested in collecting stamps and postcards.

LYNNE OATLOW (18), of Holmeswood, Vicarage Lane, Cresford, Derby, England, would like to correspond with an Israeli young man. She is interested in history, music and reading.

T. JAYAKUMAR (19), c/o S. Thangavell Esq. Hennecoolwa Estate, Kotmale, Ceylon, would like to have Israeli penfriends. His hobbies are stamps, cricket and football.

M. S. GOTTLIEB (18), of 7 Belfield Road, Prestwich, Manchester M25 8FD, Lancs., England, would like to correspond with an Israeli young man between the ages of 18 and 21. She collects stamps, postcards and key-rings.

Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside

Youngsters from Jerusalem's poorer suburbs are in an ecstatic mood as they embark in buses to go to a holiday camp at the youth hostel in Kfar Vitkin. The camps are organised by the Jerusalem Municipality and Hadassah. The first contingent of 150 religious children left on Monday for a ten-day holiday at the sea; a second contingent of 150 non-orthodox will follow thereafter. Other children attending the Hadassah seaside camps come from development towns and from Arab towns in the Triangle.
The Jerusalem Municipality is arranging summer camps for a total of 15,000 children. Although only 300 will go to the sea under this scheme, all the others will have holidays in the Judean Hills at places like the Judean Hills Youth Centre.

(Photo Rahamim Israeli)

Weizmann Institute aids young scientists

By MARK DANIEL SACKS
Jerusalem Post Junior Reporter

THE Weizmann Institute, amongst its other important and numerous tasks, has taken upon itself the guidance of youths interested in sciences. The Institute has organized different contests and gatherings of youth, thus giving young scientists a goal to be reached, together with instruction and guidance on how to reach this goal. Recently a contest in mathematics was organized for the younger high school students. The daily press carried announcements of the contest with a short explanation and instructions. All in all, 150 youngsters participated in the preliminary examinations. Bank Hapoalim sponsored the award of several prizes for successful participants.

The exam differed from those given at school in that it didn't involve just the use of this or some other formula. Problems were set — actual, everyday problems and not ones like those used in school, made up for the sake of practising a specific formula without relation to other formulas. Problems were not isolated from their contest. This kind of maths demands logical thought in order to work out what formula to use, and a profound understanding of maths. More than the mechanical use of a formula, they demand understanding of the different formulas, and above all, practice.

Gil Kalai, amongst the youngest of the participants, told me that he finds that practice is the vital key to success. I tend to agree with him, not because of my own mathematical experience (I have none!) but because I think it sounds logical: practice is the one way to develop any talent to the utmost. Practice can develop logical thought and can maintain familiarity with the maths, thus keeping understanding at a peak. Another benefit is that the more one practises, the greater are the chances that some of the problems with which one is confronted will be familiar. Practice may be pleasant, yet don't we all know how intolerable it is if the subject we

GIL KALAI
(Sachs photo)

are practising is one we particularly dislike? In this case the practice is definitely pleasant, as maths must be liked by the kind of person who participates in an examination for pleasure, even if prizes go to the successful. So we find a group of 150 youths with a common hobby voluntarily competing in a maths exam.

Twenty of the 150 participants succeeded in the first round and took part in the final exams. Gil Kalai, a young Jerusalemite studying at the Hebrew Gymnasia, didn't win first prize, but he was awarded a consolation prize. "The prize is much more than I expected," stated an apparently indifferent yet secretly jubilant Gil.

I wonder whether it would not be possible to organize similar activities in the humanities for the ever-growing percentage of the youth that are less scientific-minded. Those of us who are interested in literature, poetry, philosophy, and art, have to grope around in the dark. Where is the equivalent of the Weizmann Institute, that is prepared to guide those of the youth whose interests are in other fields?

Ten-year-old G. Winch was too much of a gentleman to throw eight-year-old Yael Moav in the Jerusalem judo competition. The result: Yael won this bout on points. (Dobrin photo)

Judo in Jerusalem

By RALPH DOBRIN

Special to the Jerusalem Post Junior

JERUSALEM'S first children's judo competition was held at YMCA's gymnasium last week with an enthusiastic turnout of over 60 children aged seven to 14. Participants came from YMCA, Pomeranz Youth Centre, Mevaseret Yerushalayim, and Beit Shemesh. Most of them have been learning judo for about one year from "black belt" Eitan Palancz, who acted as referee.

What the children lacked in skill they made up in determination, stamina and agility. One of the few participants who managed to perform a clean throw was 13-year-old Hubert Sithon of Pomeranz Youth Centre. YMCA's pint-sized Yoav Levy, 11, also displayed sensible mat-craft.

The most exciting bout was a re-fight between two 14-year-old girls, Gabby Adiv and Yael Palanz. Gabby, who had won their first bout, kept sweeping in for hip throws which were nimbly countered by Yael, only to be double-countered, until Yael finally won by pinning her opponent for the required 30 seconds.

JUNIOR POSTBAG

Sabras in England

To the Editor Jerusalem Post Junior

I read with great interest and pleasure in this Friday's *Jerusalem Post* Magazine the contributions of the young members of the kibbutzim, who visited England last year, and their impressions and observations and adventures.

My husband and I have been members of "The Bridge" for several years, and as one of the hosts in London, who put up a pleasant, tall boy from Yasur, may I express some of the feelings, I and some of my friends had, when we were waiting for "our" children to arrive at Victoria Station. We got there very early, or rather the party got to London very late, and we were about 15 mothers and fathers who were waiting and we had about an hour to discuss our hopes and anxieties. "Will they speak English?" "Are they going to expect strictly kosher meals?" "We live rather far out, do we have to wait for them at the bus stop or at the underground station late at night?" "How will they get around London, do we have to take them to their meeting places?"

At last the train arrived at platform 15 and they came. We could see them from a distance, they were "our children," with rucksacks and neat suitcases, and they were so handsome and such a good sight to see; some eyes filled with tears.

There was not much time for sentimentality, and soon my friend and I and our three guests were queuing up at the bus stop, as the delay at Victoria Station had thrown my friend's timetable out of gear; she would be late for her school, where she had to teach, and so I took her charges back to my home.

It was amazing how quickly these young boys and girls understood the way the underground net worked; how to get about; how to find their meeting points; and how to communicate in English. We shared some of their highlights, and also some of their worries or doubts; and we were made to communicate with some of the other hosts (when plans appeared unclear or muddled), — which is a rare thing for people in London, where usually one's home is one's castle."

The sad day came, when we had to say good-by, but our guest gave us such a warm invitation to come and visit him at his kibbutz, that this year we might come and look for him. I would recognize him anywhere — alas, I have forgotten his name, but I shall find him, I am sure.

IRENE HERTZ

London, June 27.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

By ORNA GOLDBERG (Grade 12)

Paul Himmelfarb High School, Beersheba

THAT morning I woke into a rainy, dreary world. The minute the coldness of the floor penetrated my body, I knew it was going to be one of the worst days of my life.

Because of the cold I took my time in getting out of bed. On the way to school I slipped into two puddles and reached school late, wet, muddy and furious.

It was inevitable that we should have a quiz in physics, in which I succeeded in answering only one out of three questions.

During the fourth period I was more sick of school than I had ever been before. That is probably the reason I heard nothing of what was going on in the class, and was asked to leave the classroom.

Outside, the sky was grey. Suddenly a small beam of sunlight appeared among the clouds. It lit the school and warmed me a bit. Somehow, everything looked different because of that ray of sunshine. I was seeing the world in a completely different way.

It was a smile first, and then it turned into laughter. The door of the classroom opened and the teacher appeared. She said that if I felt so happy I might as well join the class.

That was the turning point. We had a very lively discussion in history, in which I participated, a maths test was returned, and I got 85 per cent, of which I was very proud.

Surprisingly, my mother picked me up from school in her car. The warmth and coziness of our home greeted me. A letter from a close friend awaited me.

As I sat down, sipping my tea, I could do nothing but agree with the saying that, "All's well that ends well."

ALL THE STAGE IS A WORLD

By BARBARA BEEN (Grade 11)
Herzliya High School, Herzliya

It's back stage. The dressing room is crowded. On one side the actresses are getting dressed; on the other side Dina and Susie are hurrying impatiently. They want to start on the boys' make-up. Merle is busy putting on the wigs. All around there is excited chattering. "Is my wig on straight?" "Does my petticoat show"? "Don't forget that cue in the first scene!"

I feel as though there is a tight knot in my stomach.

Apt lines from the play keep running through my head — "will the time never end? — this waiting is killing me!" I am quite sure that I will forget all my lines. What if we jump from Act II to Act V as we did in the dress rehearsal? I'm positive the play will be a flop. The audience will laugh at the love scenes. What will I do if Allony drops me when I faint? All of a sudden — I wish it were over...

Suddenly, everybody is ready, and we are told that we're starting. My heart drops a further two inches into my stomach! "Shiela" comes in and, wishes us luck and says, "Don't worry — everything will be all right." It helps to calm me a little, but I still feel a bundle of nerves. I walk onto the stage in a daze — my mind a blank...

The lights go up, and for a second I'm blinded and in a state of panic. There is a general hum from the audience, I hear Allony counting to five (according to instructions) and then suddenly he starts talking. All of a sudden my fears leave me. The audience is forgotten. I am Elizabeth Barrett. I am fully aware of the audience, and yet in a way I am unaware of them. The words come out of my mouth as though they belong to me — they are not the words that I've learnt from a script. I go through the whole show in a dream-like state. I am filled with a feeling of excitement and satisfaction. Some need, deep inside me, has been fulfilled.

And then it's over! Suddenly there is a bond between the actors. We have shared something together. We start remembering all the little incidents that we hardly noticed when they happened; and we remember how we talked about all the rehearsals and the aggravations of the week before — but now we see it all through rose-coloured spectacles.

I have to come back to earth soon, to return to my everyday existence. It's not easy to come out of that world of make-believe. Tests, routine, and making up homework, marks; end-of term reports! I ask myself, "Was it really worth it?" But it is not really a question — for I know the answer before I ask the question. "Yes, yes. There is nothing to replace the challenge, the excitement and the satisfaction." Those lights, blinding in their brightness, carried me into a different and a more satisfying world.

(Reprinted from "Echoes," the Herzliya School Magazine)

WINDOWS

By CAROL E. SHERMAN
(Grade 10) A.I.S. — Herzliya

Windows open
Windows close
Up and down the window goes
Windows big
Windows small
Windows are a hole in the wall
Windows round
Windows square
A window without curtains
is very bare
Windows red
Windows blue
Broken windows fixed with
glue
Windows orange
Windows green
Streaked windows, windows
clean
Window down
Windows upright
An open window lets in
sunlight
Windows shiney
Windows dull
If a window's stuck, give
a pull
Windows wavey
Windows flat
Through the window flew the
bat — SPLAT!
Windows nice
Windows not
Open windows when it's hot
Windows tilted
Windows straight
Lighted windows — who's up
late?
Windows clear
Windows paned
Windows cracked
Windows stained
Windows tall
Windows short
Windows, all kinds
Windows, all sorts
Windows, windows in their
glory
Doors, now that's another
story!!

Critic's self-defence

By MARTIN DAVIDSON

Jerusalem Post Junior Music Reporter

In response to the several letters I received criticizing my review of Morris Cotel's performance, I am delighted to see that at least some people were inspired by Mr. Cotel. I am not asking Mr. Cotel to display his degrees in Music and the "qualifications" he has on the subject, but I would state quite categorically that music, be it popular, modern, or electronic should be enjoyed in order to be classified as good. I quite deliberately refrain from discussing the technical competence for as I wrote I was at a loss to understand. Had I understood (whatever there was to understand), it would not have altered the noticeable lack of communication with the audience. I went along as "Jury" not as "Judge" and decided on the basis of what I heard. It would be apt to quote that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Most of us in the audience went hungry from things we couldn't digest. I would be happy if the artist would write me more in detail about his music so I could understand better at his next concert if, in fact, he does have another one lined up.

POP REVIEW

FOR the numerous avid Jazz fans around the country, there is a haven of Jazz sounds to be found at "Record Bazaar," Ben Yehuda (Tel Aviv) and "Hataklit," Herzl St. (Haifa). Many records at give-away prices are being sold, including selections of the all time greats... Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Chic Webb, Bill Cosby, etc. I found particular delight in Satchmo's album... "I Love Jazz," especially his rendering of the Russian ballad "Otchi Chornia." I must stipulate that I always prefer the performance of Jazz pieces with an orchestral backing, for in the kind of music where improvisation is predominant, such backing gives greater scope to the individual musicians to demonstrate their own brand of "improvisation" which provides a refreshing change to a few musicians who, try as they might, can never quite succeed in constantly maintaining the audience's unwavering interest.

M.D.

THREE AND ONE

By GALIT TADMOR
(Grade 11) Hugim High School, Haifa

Three came to the world, and
the Law took one.
Came Moslems, came Christians
and the Law
took Jews.
Three came to the world, and
the Law took one.
Came Hatred, came Jealousy
and the Law
took Love.
Three came to the world, and
the Law took one.
Came Murder, came Wickedness
and the Law
took Forgiveness.
Three came to the world, and
the Law took one.
Came Animals, came Vegetation and the Law
took People.
Three came to the world, and
three which are one
took the Law.
Took Israel, took Jewry, and
took my heart.

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